

# MAD

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No. 154 Oct. '72

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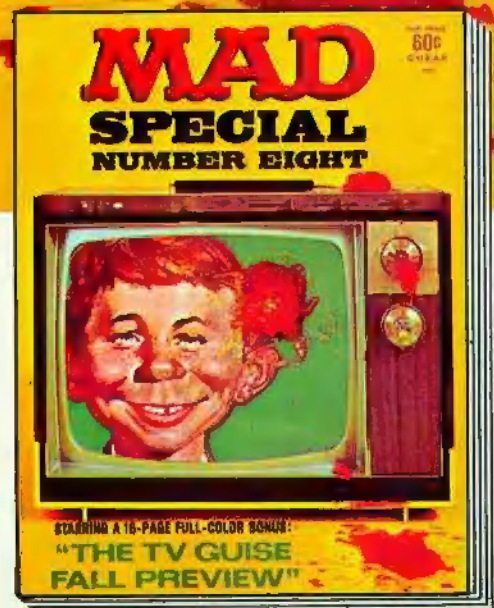
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# MAD

"Living on a budget is the same as living beyond your means, except that now you have a record of it!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher*      ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director*      LEONARD BRENNER *production*  
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

*the usual gang of idiots*

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- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
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- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Things
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- ☐ DAVE BERG Our Sick World
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### LETTERS DEPT.



### WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

I laughed so uncontrollably at "What's The Connection?", I shook all over. Now, YOU try to laugh that hard and pick your feet in Poughkeepsie at the same time!

Candi LaVigne  
Boca Raton, Fla.

As far as I'm concerned, Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo can go pick their feet in Poughkeepsie and not bother coming back! Fantastic movie, sorry satire!

John Deer  
Tampa, Fla.

You have done an excellent satire on "The French Connection", considering the fact you had no material to work with. NOW I understand the movie.

Nancy Paulk  
Sedalia, Colo.

### Eddie Egan Connects With MAD

I almost split a gut when MAD Associate Editor Nick Meglin brought me the issue featuring the take-off on "The French Connection". Since I'm the former New York detective, the original "Popeye" upon whom the film is based, and inasmuch as I appeared in the picture and provided technical advice, it's all very

personal and gratifying. Many thanks to writer Dick De Bartolo, artist Mort Drucker, and to your entire MAD staff for faithfully retaining the basics and adding the "French dressing."

Eddie Egan  
New York, N.Y.

### MAD LOOK AT BICYCLING

Sergio Aragonese's "MAD Look At Bicycling" is packed with brisk and boisterous free-wheeling humor, as in-person as grasping a pair of handlebars and standing on the pedals on the upgrade. Very exhilarating! I'll mind his bike for him, any time!

Judy Hetling  
Yonkers, N.Y.

### QUALIFIED FOR MADNESS

After reading your magazine for two years, I am now incapable of watching a TV show, reading a book, or seeing a movie without cynically tearing it to shreds. Since this renders me useless for any kind of a normal life, my only alternative is to sign up as a MAD satire writer. Got any openings . . . ?

Mary Kay Hoover  
Cleveland, Ohio

### MAD PHOTOONS

We at the Gaffrick household loved your "MAD Photoons," masterminded by Max Brandel and Bob Clarke. And speaking about the equally enjoyable "What's The Connection?", after seeing the movie we wondered . . . What IS the connection?

Peter Gaffrick  
Decatur, Ill.



#### DON MARTIN BOOSTER

Don Martin has an original and different sense of humor that a reader can never tire of. His drawings are not ordinary cartoons but are departures from the conventional way of telling a story, in both drawing and writing. And those descriptive words: FWISK, GALOOK, GLURK, etc., they are a laugh riot in themselves. I have often stopped to wonder how an artist can continually and consistently create stories that get better and better as time goes by.

George J. Aljian  
Red Bank, N.J.

#### EDUCATOR OF THE YEAR

As a parent of a former student in one of New York's artsy-craftsy "fun factories," I want to congratulate you on "MAD's Educator Of The Year." The article was very funny but disturbingly true. In my son's fourth grade class, half the children needed tutoring, at the parents' expense, to learn to read. They were all quite advanced at playing with blocks, however, I must admit. The headmaster writes articles and books on the advantages of open schools but sends his own children to a school with a structured program. The open school looks great on paper but, unfortunately, in practice, most kids prefer playing to learning.

Rita Beltzer  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

#### CRIMINAL TYPES DEPT.

Your anti-hunting sentiment has always been rather obvious but in the July 1972 issue, "Criminal Types Dept.," it is also erroneous. Extinction of wildlife is not due to hunting but to habitat reduction, pesticides, pollution, etc. On the contrary, hunting groups such as "Ducks Unlimited" work hard to preserve habitat for game species.

E. L. Bintz  
Eastern Montana College  
Billings, Mont.

#### ART OF WRITING HOME FOR MONEY

Your article "The Art Of Writing Home For Money" was mighty good. I might even use one of those seemingly foolproof letters on my parents.

Richard S. Feldman  
Los Angeles, Calif.

#### MAD RAINBOW COVER

My whole family went to a lovely picnic area recently. We just happened to take along the current issue of MAD, the cover of which depicted Alfie encountering garbage at the end of the rainbow. Of course, we all picked up our soda cans and sandwich wrappings and containers before we left, but one area was terribly littered by inconsiderate picnickers. And suddenly, we noticed a *big black cloud* in the sky, right over that desecrated area. Wow, MAD certainly has some mighty powerful connections!!!

James Randleman  
Fair Oaks, Calif.

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You can cure your V.D.—your "Visual Dilemma"—by framing and hanging one or more of these full-colored portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid. You can also use one or more of them for wrapping those eyesore fish you've got lying around. Merely send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



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## SHORT IN THE SADDLE DEPT.

Okay, all of you young people out there! Had enough of the sexy new-wave movies that are rated "R" and "X" and "Ecch"? Let's take a look at a "nice" movie... one that's rated "GP"... which means there's hardly **any** sex, just blood and gore and violence and murder and—ulp—

# THE

We came to tell you that we can't drive your cattle to Bells Palsy, Mr. Brandason!

There's been a big gold strike up at San Gelto, an' we'd like to try our luck at strikin' it rich!

But if we don't hit it, we'll come back... since you're so nice to work for, giving us half a day off on Christmas, and a 15-minute longer lunch hour on Thanksgiving Day...

Forget it, you lousy ingrates! If you don't work for me **NOW**, you don't work for me **EVER**! So... get off my horses! Get off my property! Get off my payroll! And get off my back!

And if you ever show up around here again, I'll blow your heads off!

Gee, we were real lucky! We caught him in one of his **BETTER MOODS**!!



But I didn't come here to teach Arithmetic! I came here to find out how many of you boys want to go on a cattle drive with me?

It will mean hard work... long hours... little or no sleep... and no comforts!

It will mean tired muscles and aching backsides and no time for homework and—



# COW KIDS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





Count of ten!!?  
I'm only in the  
First Grade! I  
can't even count  
up to seven!

Boy, my rear-end  
hurts ... and that's  
just from watching!

I'm next  
... and  
I've got  
my heart in  
my mouth!

I'm after  
you ... and  
I've got a  
pillow in  
my pants!

O.K.! You all made a fine showing!  
You may have been **BOYS** when you  
applied for this job, but when it's  
over, you're all going to be **MEN**!

Yeah!  
**Crippled  
OLD  
MEN!!**



How about  
letting me  
try it?

What are  
you doing  
here?

My job is to add  
a little spice to  
this sickeningly  
sweet picture! I'm  
the token Mexican!

What's your name?

I haven't got a  
name! I'm a ... a  
mistake of nature!

Then you're  
also our  
token Bastard!



Okay, let's  
see what  
you can do  
with this  
wild  
beast ...

Here,  
boy!

Roll  
over!

Sit  
down!

Play  
dead!

Wow! Where'd  
you learn  
to handle  
a horse  
like that?

Horse?!  
I  
thought  
it was  
a big  
DOG!!



O.K., boys, you're  
all hired! And since  
I'm going to treat  
you like men, you'll  
be paid like men! At  
the end of the drive,  
each of you can have  
either \$50 in cash ...

... or  
100  
luscious  
lollipops  
plus a  
big  
red  
balloon!

Now you all  
go home and  
get a good  
night's sleep  
because I want  
to start out  
**FIRST THING**  
in the morning!

What time  
is that, Mr.  
Brandason?

One  
minute  
after  
Midnight!



I'm going  
to be gone  
for a long  
time, dear!  
Do you want  
me to bring  
you back  
anything?

Just  
you—  
and a  
string of  
blue  
glass  
beads!

It's also  
going to  
be a very  
dangerous  
trip! I  
may not  
make it!

In  
that  
case,  
can  
you  
mail  
me the  
beads?





Are you looking for a Cook, Mr. Brandason?

This is not road dust, Sir! This is the only color I am available in!

Well . . . you **ALREADY** have a token Mexican! I figured this was the next best thing!

Okay, you're hired! I want to get an early start! These are the men you'll be cooking for!

These are the men, eh? You're making an early start all right! About **TEN YEARS** early!

Yeah! Wash all that road dust off and we'll talk about it!

You—You mean you're a . . .



Fight!

Fight!

Hey, what's going on here?

Nothing! I was just trying to take a splinter out of his chest!

Yeah! From the **BACK!**



There's no place for someone like you on this cattle drive! So call your horse and get off my ranch!

Here, Rover! Wanna go for a walk? Atta boy!

You're gonna regret this, Mr. Brandason! You'll never get that herd of pussy cats to market!

Herd of pussy cats???

Let him be! If that's a dog he's walking, then it's **pussy cats** we're taking to market!



Okay, men! Move 'em out . . .

We're going to ride, and ride hard!

Let's go! Yeah . . . Yeah . . .

Woop! Woop! Hyaah!

Git along, little dogies!!

Not dogies, you idiot! **Pussy cats!**



Yip, yip! Hy-upp! Keep 'em moving, boys!

There's nothing like seeing a big herd on the move, is there?

No, sir . . . there certainly isn't

Fanny! Why in the world are you following the herd? You should have stayed home!

I **AM** home! You and your "men" have driven the cattle around the house 14 times so far! Tell those kids they're riding "round-up" horses . . . **NOT** "merry-go-round" horses!



Mr. Brandason, you really don't expect to complete this cattle drive with those kids, do you? How about hiring some **REAL** cattle hands . . . like US?

Who have you worked for?

All the big ranches like "A & P", S & H", "H & R Block", "B.B.D. & O"!

Oh, yeah?! Well you happen to be lying! B.B.D. & O isn't a ranch! It's a railroad!



I'm sorry! I **DID** lie, Mr. Brandason! Because nobody will hire us when they find out we're ex-cons who did time for kidnapping, robbery, murder and passing a red light!

Well, I'm not going to hire you either! I don't mind the kidnapping and robbing and murdering and passing a red light! It's just that I can't stand people who get caught! Now... get out of here!!



You really think that you'll make Bells Palsy with this group of green kids?

Yep! I figure it'll take about 5 days!

Yeah? Well, you'd better make that about 25 days, with the progress YOU'RE making!

He's right dear!



Fanny! What are YOU doing here! I told you to stay home!

I AM home!

Oh, NO...



Dinner is on, boys.

Oysters on the half shell, onion soup, Coq au Vin, string beans almonidine, potatoes soufflé, avocado salad and a Burgundy wine!

Yecch! Who wants that garbage???

What are we having?

We want franks and soda pop!



Why do you boys stare at me all day long? Haven't you ever seen a Black man before?

Sure we have! But you're the first man we ever saw—Black OR White—that spoke perfect English!

Okay, boys! Mount up! Let's get goin' We're burning daylight!

**Burning daylight!** We just ate dinner! It's eight o'clock at night!

How do you know it's eight o'clock at night! It might be eight o'clock in the morning!

Because it's pitch black out!!



What's the matter?? You never heard of a cloudy day before?

By the way, has anybody seen my wife recently?

Not for about three hours!

Thank God! We must finally be off my property!

Okay, Move 'em out! Let's go!!



M-M-Mister Bran-Bran-Brandason! He-He-He-f-f-fell in the wa-wa-

Hey, you! I thought I told you to stay away from me!

You did! But what Stuttering Boob was trying to tell you was that this idiot fell off his horse into the rapids and he can't swim and he was drowning and that you should help him!

Somewhat it seemed funnier the way Boob was telling it!





As for YOU, I never want to hear you stutter again! Understand?!!

CUT THAT OUT!

You son of a #%&!

Y-y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir!

What did you say?

You mean son of a #%&!

Y-y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir!

Say it again!

You mean rotten son of a #%&!

See? Your stuttering's cured!

Holy #\$\$%&! I can't believe my #\$\$%& ears! Wait till my #\$\$%& Mother and #\$\$%& Father hear me... not to mention my #\$\$%& Sunday School Teacher!

Breakfast is ready! Twelve bacon and eggs... and one bagels and lox!

Hmm! I almost forget we had a token one of THEM, too!

Say, you haven't seen my wife walking around, have you?

No, Sir! Not for a day and a half, now!

Holy cow! We REALLY must be moving!!

How did you like your Dinner, boy?

Best &#%\$#@! filet mignon I ever had!

He doesn't stutter any more, but now I sure would like to do something about his language!

Er--can we go to sleep now, Sir?

Sure, boys! I guess you're tired! I must try to remember that you're just kids and don't have the kind of strength and stamina that a man like me, Z-Z-ZZZ-ZZZZZ-ZZZZZ

They're asleep!

Got the bottle of stuff?

Yeah! Here! Have a slug!

Mmmm! It's good!

Yeah! It's great tasting Soda Pop again after being served Vintage Wine with every meal!

Hi, there big boy!

Lookin' for a little fun!

Hi, there big broad!

Yep!

Come into the wagon and I'll teach you something fantastic!

No, thank you, Ma'am! See, that's why I came along on this cattle drive... to get away from my Teacher!

That young man seems to have turned down an evening of love!

Well, I convinced him that it'd be better that way! A young man's first experience should be with a girl in the back seat of a buggy! He had a buck for the girl, but he didn't have an extra 50¢ for the buggy! How about you...?

Madam, I have the money, I have the desire, and I have the time! However, I am afraid that I might--er--pick up something!

No, I mean bad speech patterns! I pride myself on my diction!

You mean a disease?



Everybody up! Let's get going!

B-But it's Sunday! You said we could sleep late!

So!!? I let you sleep till three A.M.!! You want to stay in bed day!!? Get moving!

What's the big hurry?

I thought I told you bums to stay away from me!

We're taking over the herd!

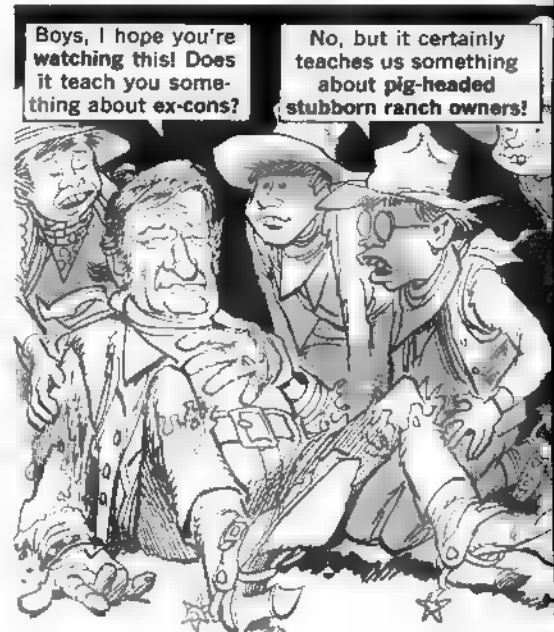
Not while I got two good arms, you're not!



Not while I got two good legs, you're not!!

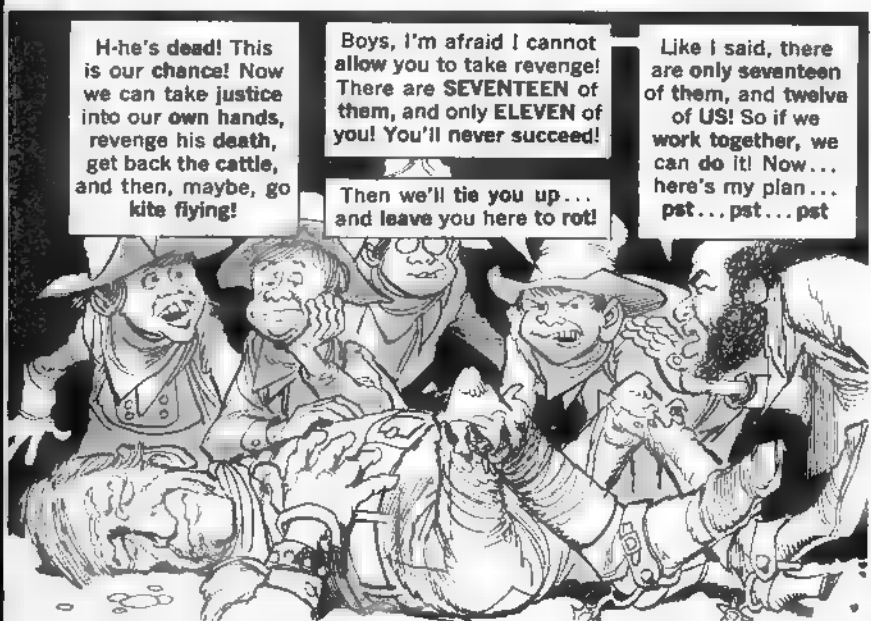


Boy, you're lucky I've got a good heart or—



Boys, I hope you're watching this! Does it teach you something about ex-cons?

No, but it certainly teaches us something about pig-headed stubborn ranch owners!

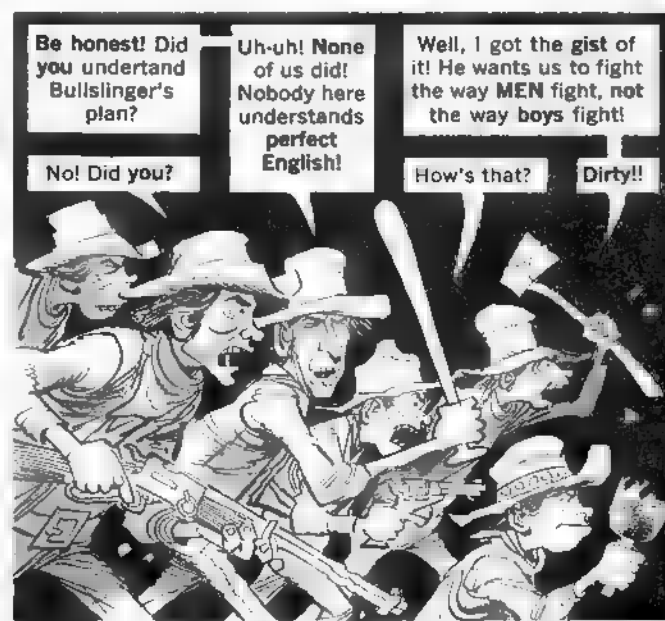


H-he's dead! This is our chance! Now we can take justice into our own hands, revenge his death, get back the cattle, and then, maybe, go kite flying!

Boys, I'm afraid I cannot allow you to take revenge! There are SEVENTEEN of them, and only ELEVEN of you! You'll never succeed!

Then we'll tie you up... and leave you here to rot!

Like I said, there are only seventeen of them, and twelve of US! So if we work together, we can do it! Now... here's my plan... pst... pst... pst



Be honest! Did you understand Bullslinger's plan?

No! Did you?

Uh-uh! None of us did! Nobody here understands perfect English!

Well, I got the gist of it! He wants us to fight the way MEN fight, not the way boys fight!

How's that?

Dirty!!



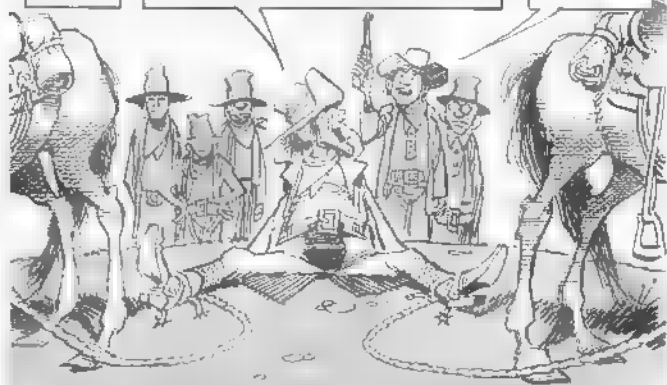


Have pity, boys! My leg's broken! Get me to a Doctor!

That's just what we're planning on doing! Except that we've been having an argument! He says the nearest Doctor is five miles **THAT** way, and I say the nearest Doctor is five miles **THIS** way!

We're not taking any chances! We're sending you **BOTH** ways!

Well, what have you decided to do?



Somebody ... make a wish!

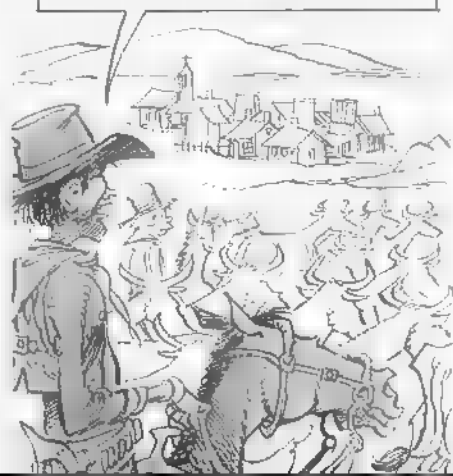
Yecch! This "Final Comeuppance" scene is disgusting!

Why? Because it's so violent?

No ... because it's so short!



There ■ is, gang! Bells Palsy! Let's drive the cattle in, get our money, shoot up the town, make out with the women, beat up on some old folks and then fall down dead drunk!



Hear that, Mr. Brandason ... wherever you are? We can be mighty proud of our boys! They finished the cattle drive! And between us, they sure learned a lot during it!

You've got great futures, boys! I want to remember you! Tell me your names!

I'm Jesse James!

I'm Frank James!

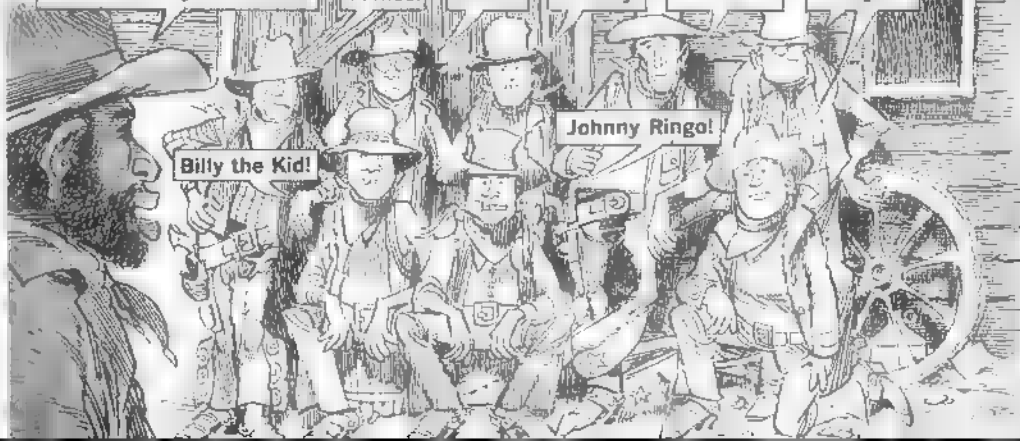
I'm Butch Cassidy!

I'm The Sundance Kid!

We're The Dalton Boys!

Billy the Kid!

Johnny Ringo!



Hey, wealthy eccentric fans! Here's a fictionalized "MAD" look at what we'd probably find if we were to examine the contents of...

# HOWARD HUGHES' WALLET

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

## THINGS TO DO TODAY

- 7:00-8:00 AM - Wake up  
 8:00-9:00 AM - Look around  
 9:00-10:00 AM - Clip fingernails  
 10:00-10:30 AM - Rest  
 10:30-11:45 AM - Hide (behind couch).  
 11:45-12:00 AM - Buy a new hotel.  
 12:00-1:00 PM - Eat lunch (organic vegetables, natural herbs, raw sarsaparilla, tea steam and a cheese Danish).  
 1:00-3:00 PM - Nap. (Earn \$122,356 interest while I sleep).  
 3:00-4:00 PM - Exercise. (Dance with myself).  
 4:00-6:00 PM - Hide (in closet).  
 6:00-7:00 PM - Entertainment. (Make finger shadows on wall of World War II fighter planes).  
 7:00-8:00 PM - Laugh  
 8:00-9:00 PM - Take off pajamas, put on clothes.  
 9:00-10:00 PM - Move to my new hotel.

## THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION

Los Angeles The Bahamas Nicaragua Other Places

Mr. Fred De Cordova, Producer  
 "THE TONIGHT SHOW"  
 N B C  
 30, Rockefeller Plaza  
 New York City

Dear Mr. De Cordova:

I am in receipt of your letter urging me to consider making my first TV appearance on your "Tonight Show" along with other guest stars Steve Rossi, Giselle McKenzie, Zsa Zsa Gabor and comic Rodney Dangerfield.

Contrary to rumors, I'm NOT odd or eccentric. But before I agree to appear on television, certain conditions would have to be met:

1. The entire studio must be sterilized.
2. No one is to approach me from the left.
3. No one will utter the words, "Walla Walla".
4. No one within an 8-mile radius may sneeze.
5. I will answer no question that contains a vowel.
6. Everyone named "Normy" is to be ejected from the studio audience.

However, I have been out of touch for a while and have never heard of this "Johnny Carson." If I DO agree to appear on TV, I would prefer coming on an established hit show, and therefore I will be contacting Milton Berle and "The Texaco Star Theatre" first.

Sorry, but thank you for your interest.

Very truly yours,  
*H. R. Hughes*  
 H. R. Hughes

## U.S. GOVERNMENT

### EMERGENCY COMMUNICATION RUSH!

FROM: Bureau of Missing Persons, Washington, D.C.

TO: Mr. H.R. Hughes

Thank you for your recent inquiry about yourself. We have done our best, but in answer to your request, we cannot "tell you where you are". I know this must be a very painful time you're going through, but look at our problem: We don't even know where to send this letter!

*J.D. Sellinger*  
 J.D. Sellinger  
 Assistant Manager\*

\*Our regular Manager, Mr. Lionel Tremel, cannot be located at this time.

## Memo From H. R. Hughes

Luxury Hotel and Casino Properties, Corp.  
 Freeport, Bahama Islands, W.I.

Gentlemen:

Considering the rumors circulating for the past 16 years that I am dead and do not even exist, I can understand your desire to confirm my authenticity before closing the deal we made. And so, to eliminate your doubts once and for all, I am enclosing a jar of my "breath". You can examine it and compare it to my breath prints of 16 years ago.

I trust this will also put a stop to the rumors that I am eccentric and crazy.

Very truly yours,  
*H. R. Hughes*  
 H. R. Hughes

## The National Playing Card Association

♥ ♦ Poughkeepsie, New York ♦ ♦

Dear Mr. Hughes:

Thank you for your recent inquiry. We conduct many major card playing tournaments, including Bridge, Canasta, Gin Rummy and even the National "GO-Fish!" Challenge Match, held every Spring in Asbury Park. However, in answer to your question, we are sorry to inform you that there is no such thing as an "Annual Solitaire Championship".

Sincerely yours  
*Martin Melder*  
 Martin Melder  
 Director of Promotion



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

# IDENTIFICATION

NAME Howard R. Hughes

ADDRESS Texas, Las Vegas, The Bahamas, Nicaragua, A car parked somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, A treehouse in Brazil and a Summer home in Atlantic City, N. J.

TELEPHONE NO. Unlisted.  
*Even I don't know it.*

OCCUPATION Billionsaire Industrialist, Movie maker, Aircraft Designer, Mystery Man, Recluse and Professional Mashugginah

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:

Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, Sonny Tufts, Lamont Cranston or Judge Crater.

ME!

## THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION

Office Of Public Relations  
New York City

Howard,  
We have heard of your plans to finally "reveal yourself" to the public and show them exactly what you are like.  
We do not think you should rush into this without proper preparation and counseling.  
Howard, you must understand, times have changed since you disappeared 16 years ago. You are out of touch with the public.  
Please reconsider.

Tom

## Memo From H. R. Hughes

Tom,  
I appreciate your concern, but there is nothing to worry about.  
I can communicate with the public because I can still speak their bop lingo. And I've got a zoot suit with a reet pleat and a drape shape that'll just wow the bejeebers off'a them.  
As soon as I hit Gotham, I'm gonna paint the town red! Then I'm gonna go to Ebbets Field, catch a Brooklyn Dodger game, then take my best girl to the Paramount for a movie and the stage show, and then take a nice quiet walk up Broadway and into Central Park at night.  
So give me five and I'll dig you later!

Howie

## THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION Inter-Office Memo

From: Number One, Address Unknown

To: George, Los Angeles Office

George,  
I am planning on coming out of hiding soon, and I will need a pair of shoes.  
Enclosed is a receipt for the shoes I left to be repaired back in March, 1954. Please pick them up and have them waiting for me.

Howard

## VITO'S SHOE REPAIR

"DEPENDABLE WORK-FAST SERVICE"  
1278 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.

#6890-43

ONE PR. BROWN SHOES  
1/2 SOLES AND HEELS  
MARCH 18, 1954

## THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION Inter-Office Memo

From: George, L.A. Office

To: Number One

Howard,  
Spoke to Vito. Your shoes will be ready a week from Thursday.

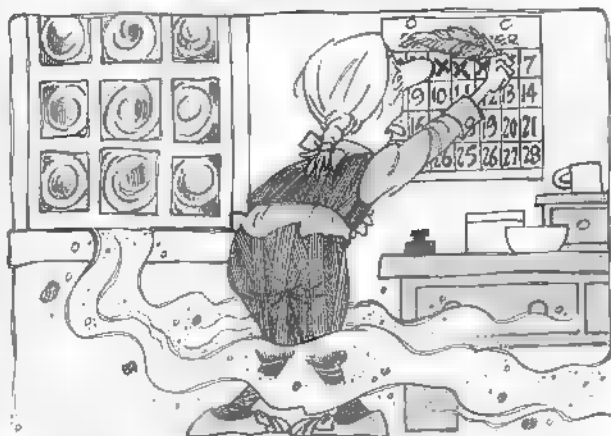
George

## OUR GOOSE IS COOKED DEPT.

Hey, diddle, diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle  
Are heading for death and destruction;  
Let's hope that they read  
All the rhymes that succeed  
This ridiculous Mad introduction . . . to

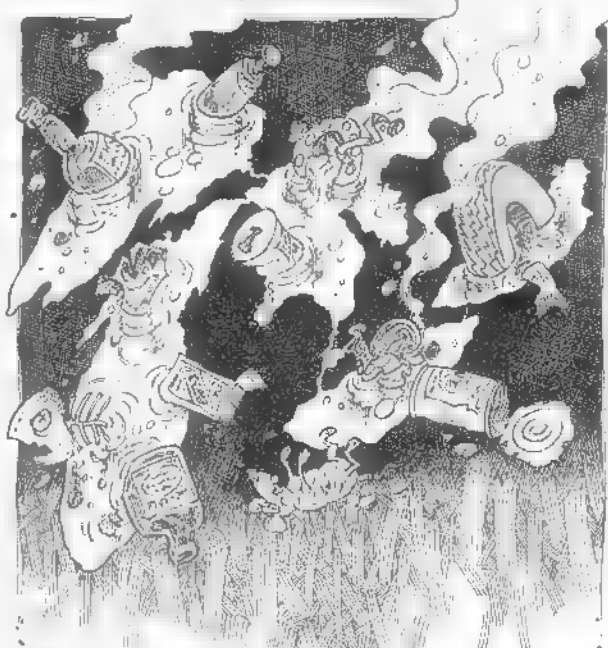
# MAD'S ECOLO

## Solomon Grundy



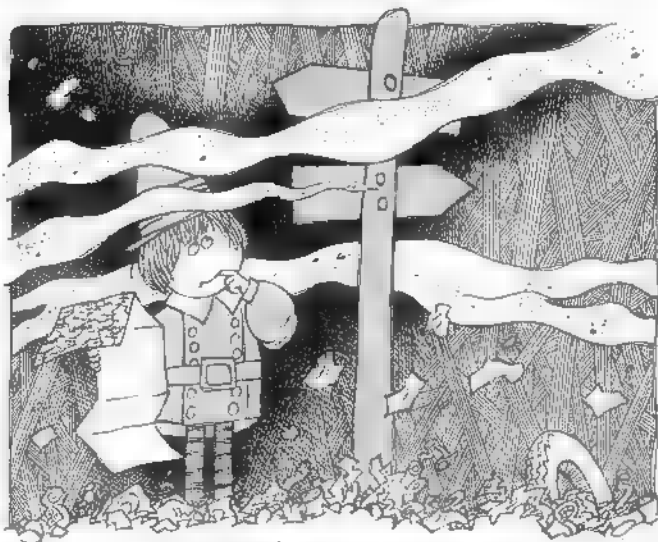
Solomon Grundy, breathed on Monday,  
Wheezed on Tuesday, sneezed on Wednesday,  
Coughed on Thursday, gasped on Friday,  
Gagged on Saturday, heaved on Sunday,  
And that was a good week for Solomon Grundy.

## Five Great Lakes



Five great lakes;  
Five great lakes;  
See what we've done!  
See what we've done!  
The fish are all dead 'cause pollution's rife;  
You can cut through the scum with a carving knife;  
Did you ever see such a blight in your life  
As five great lakes?

## If All Of The Gum



If all of the gum that people chewed  
Was stuck beneath a chair—  
If all of the trash that people burned  
Was blown into the air—  
If all of the slums that slumlords owned  
Were left to rot away—  
Then you would know for sure, my lad,  
You're in the U.S.A.

## Hickety, Pickety



Hickety, pickety, my black hen,  
She lays eggs for gentlemen;  
Of course, it's very good indeed  
They don't know what goes in her feed.



# GY MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

VERSE: FRANK JACOBS

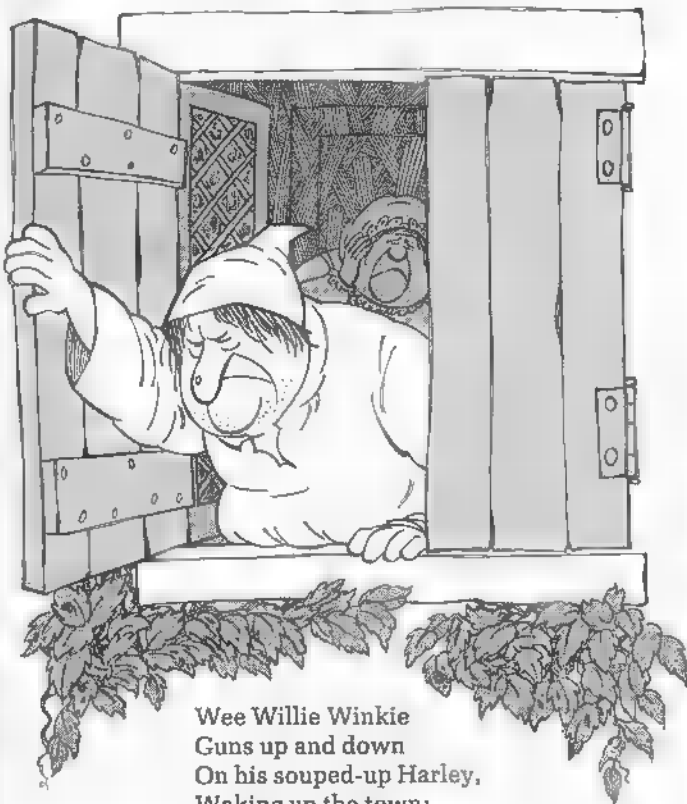
IDEA: M. S. PINKHAM

## Sing a Song of Spillage



Sing a song of spillage—  
A tanker's fouled the shore;  
Four-and-twenty black birds—  
They were white before.

## Wee Willie Winkie



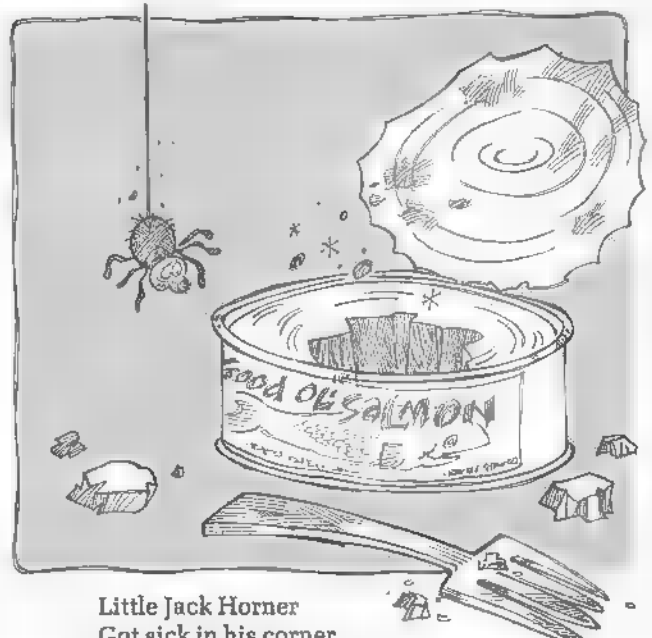
Wee Willie Winkie  
Guns up and down  
On his souped-up Harley,  
Waking up the town;  
If you think that Willie  
Makes a racket, Mister,  
Wait till Willie's brother  
Turns on his transistor.

## Little Miss Muffet



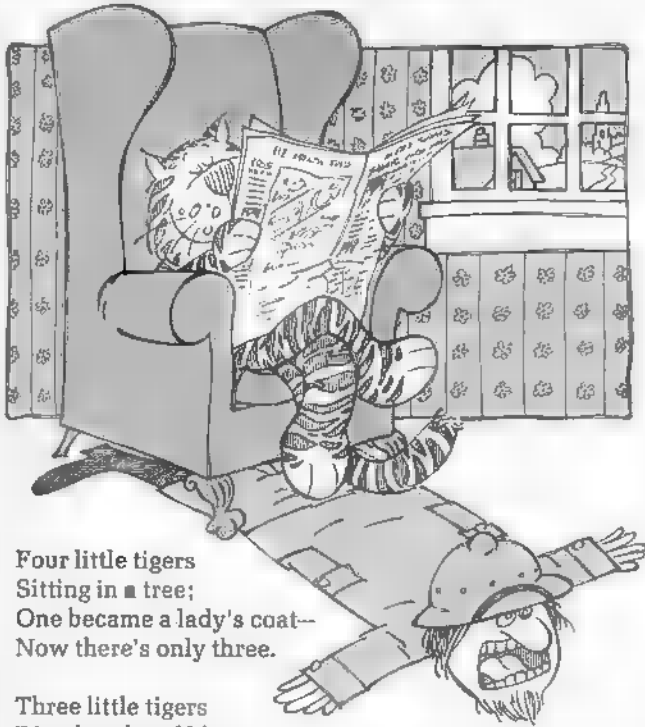
Little Miss Muffet  
Collapsed on her tuffet  
From swordfish and died in a minute;  
Along came a spider  
Who knelt down beside her  
And said, "T'was the mercury in it."

## Little Jack Horner



Little Jack Horner  
Got sick in his corner  
From salmon and thereupon fainted;  
The spider inspected  
The brand Jack selected  
And said, "Seems like everything's tainted."

## Four Little Tigers



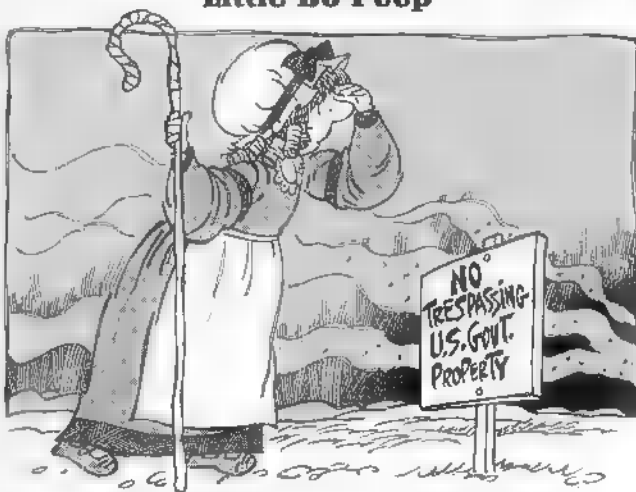
Four little tigers  
Sitting in a tree;  
One became a lady's coat--  
Now there's only three.

Three little tigers  
'Neath a sky of blue;  
One became a rich man's rug--  
Now there's only two.

Two little tigers  
Sleeping in the sun;  
One a hunter's trophy made--  
Now there's only one.

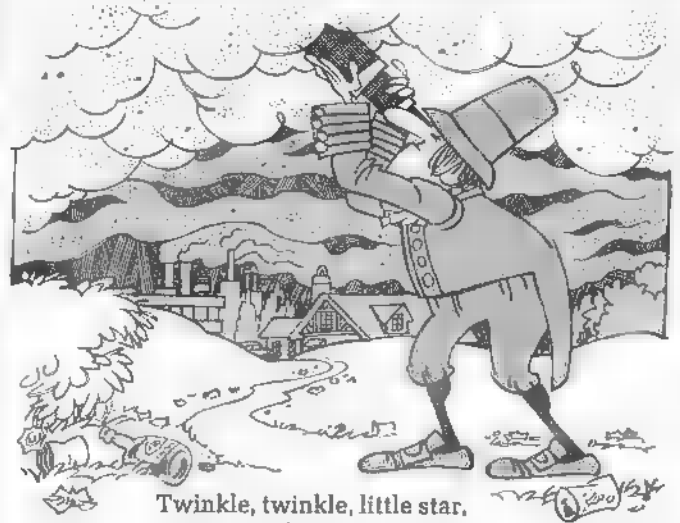
One little tiger  
Waiting to be had;  
Oops! He got the hunter first--  
Aren't you kind of glad?

## Little Bo-Peep



Little Bo-Peep  
Has lost her sheep  
And thinks they may be roaming;  
They haven't fled;  
They've all dropped dead  
From nerve gas in Wyoming.

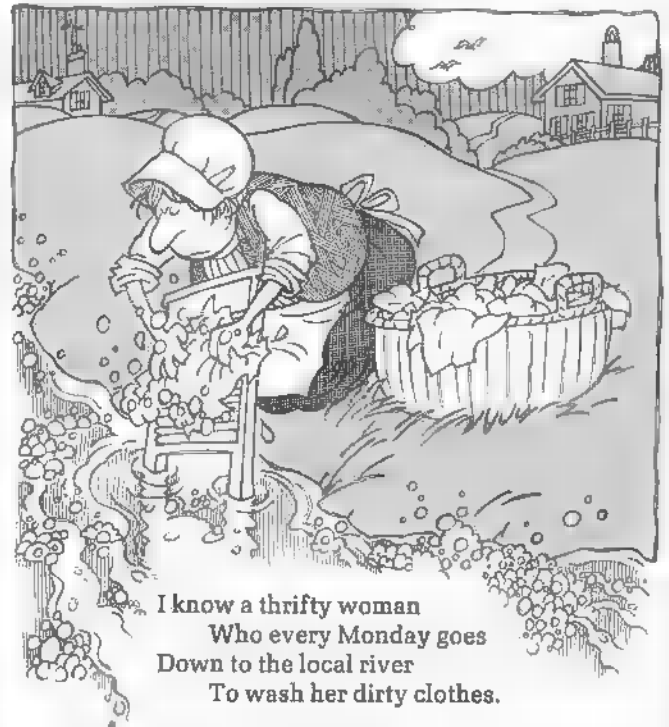
## Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are?  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

Well, I'll tell you, little star,  
I can't tell you what you are;  
With the smoke and haze and pall  
I'm not sure you're there at all.

## I Know A Thrifty Woman



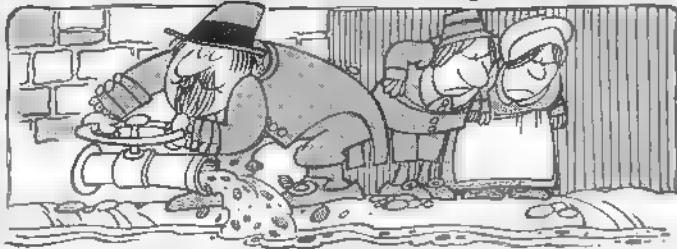
I know a thrifty woman  
Who every Monday goes  
Down to the local river  
To wash her dirty clothes.

She never buys detergents  
To clean her filthy duds  
Because she knows the river  
Is filled with gobs of suds.

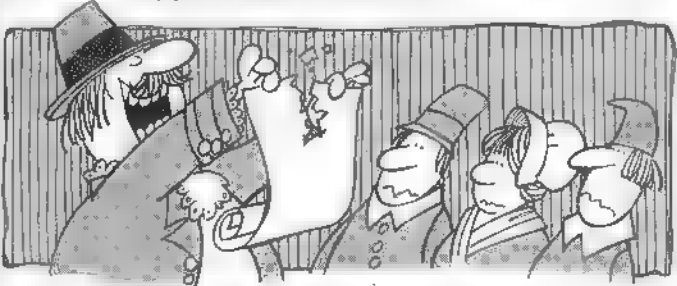
She really must be thrifty  
In order to ignore  
The fact the suds she's using  
Were used by folks before.



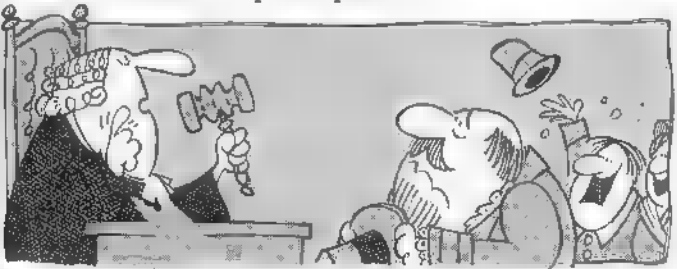
## Murray Had A Smelting Plant



Murray had a smelting plant,  
Which made the people frown;  
For every time he poured out wastes  
He turned the river brown.



The people came to Murray's plant  
To show their opposition;  
But Murray laughed right in their face  
And tore up their petition.



The people took the case to court  
And Murray heard the judge  
Declare the plant must never more  
Pour out its icky sludge.



The judge invoked an ancient law  
From eighteen fifty-nine,  
Which meant that Murray had to pay  
A fifteen-dollar fine.



Should Murray not obey the law,  
It's good to know that when  
He's hauled back in he'll have to pay  
That fifteen bucks again.

## Humpty Dumpty



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;  
Humpty Dumpty smoked a Pall Mall;  
All of the doctors told Humpty that he  
Must quit or he'd never live past 33.

Humpty Dumpty said, "I shall quit";  
Humpty Dumpty smoked not a bit;  
Humpty from smog is beginning to choke;  
What the hell, Humpty! You might as well smoke!

## The Whole Wide World ■ Terrible



The whole wide world is terrible;  
The litter is unbearable;  
The bottles aren't returnable;  
The empty cans aren't burnable;  
The sonic boom's incredible;  
The tuna isn't edible;  
The off-shore rigs are leakable;  
The billboards are unspeakable;  
The slumlords are incurable;  
The smog is unendurable;  
The phosphates aren't dissolvable;  
The problems don't seem solvable;  
The mess is unforgivable;  
Let's face it—life's unlivable.

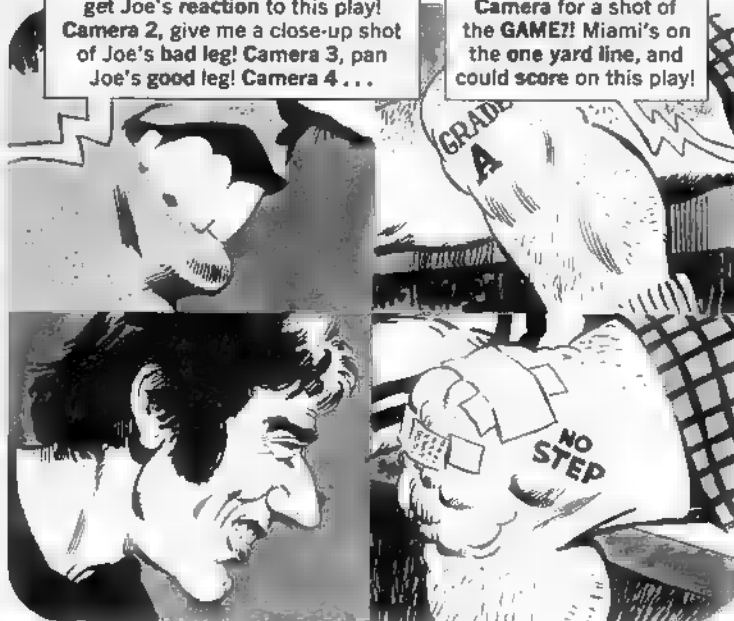


# When Watching You Can Be

... more shots of Joe Namath sitting on the bench during a Jet telecast than of the Quarterback who's playing!

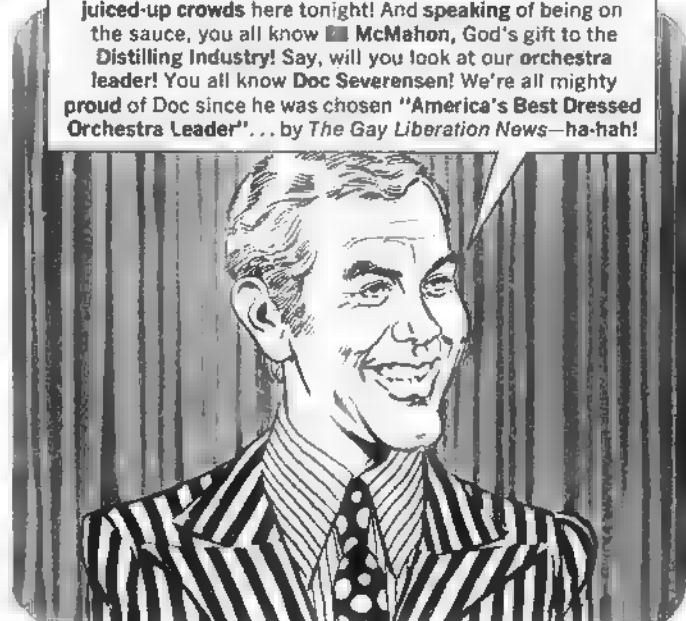
Camera 1, zoom in closer! I want to get Joe's reaction to this play!  
Camera 2, give me a close-up shot of Joe's bad leg! Camera 3, pan Joe's good leg! Camera 4...

Uh... could we have a Camera for a shot of the GAME? Miami's on the one yard line, and could score on this play!



... Johnny Carson making references to booze, his audience and his orchestra leader (not necessarily in that order)!

Whoeeeeee... sounds like we've got another one of those juiced-up crowds here tonight! And speaking of being on the sauce, you all know ■ McMahon, God's gift to the Distilling Industry! Say, will you look at our orchestra leader! You all know Doc Severenssen! We're all mighty proud of Doc since he was chosen "America's Best Dressed Orchestra Leader"... by The Gay Liberation News—ha-hah!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

... a discarded toy in an "All-State" commercial!

YIIIII!

Daddy, he bwoke my wacing caw?

Don't worry about your toys, Son! They're all covered by my All-State Homeowner's Policy!



... a tiresome reference to Bing Crosby on every Bob Hope show!

Bing was supposed to come with me on this trip, but he had to stay home and do an orange juice commercial!

Y'know, Bing has his own farm where he grows oranges!

It's called Florida!





# Television, Sure of Seeing...

... a Holiday show that protests the commercialism of Christmas being interrupted every few minutes with a commercial message!

We'll be right back to "The Snow Bunny's Old-Fashioned Christmas" ... but first, I want you to meet Schlocko, the giant mechanical robot ... the sensational toy that will make THIS Christmas re-e-eally merry ...



WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

... an "Anti-Drug Plug" by a famous athlete that has so much violence, ■ makes drugs seem mild by comparison!

Hi ... ool! ... I'm Murray Mulch of the ... unng! ... Miami Dolphins! I don't need ... uhhl! ... drugs to turn on! I ... grunt ... turn on my own way ... grunt!



... Rocky Graziano selling something ... but you're never quite sure of what it is!

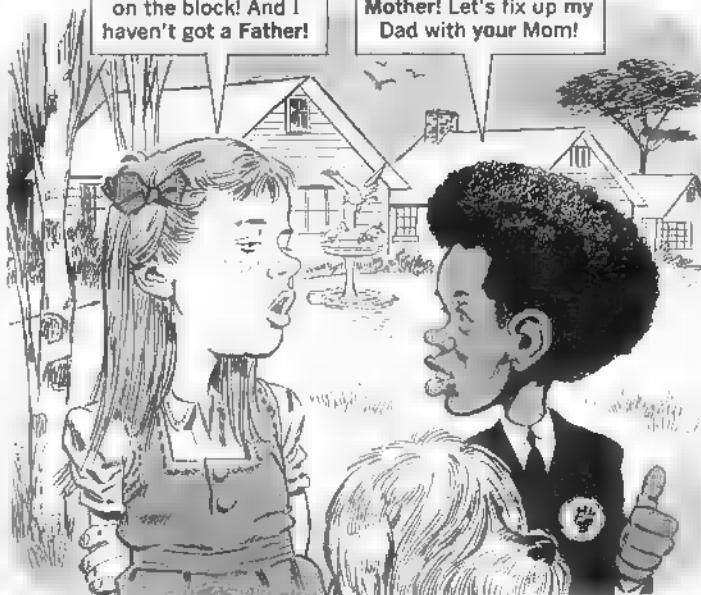
... so if yuhz'll go t'da store an' say dat Rocky senya, ya'll love dis stuff! It tase real gud, y'know what I mean—sniff?



... a new TV Series about a single parent whose kids are trying to find him (or her) a mate!

Hi! I just moved in on the block! And I haven't got a Father!

Great! I haven't got a Mother! Let's fix up my Dad with your Mom!



... a Hollywood Gossip Columnist destroying someone's career by denying a vicious rumor that nobody would've ever heard of if she hadn't brought it up!

... and there isn't a grain of truth to the vicious rumor that movie and TV star, Rock Heman, and singer Jim Nelly were secretly married! Rock and Jim are just good buddies! I repeat, they were not married! They're not even going steady! This is Rona Boring ... saying, "Good Night from Hollywood!" ...



... a Network News team breaking up over some inside joke!

... and twenty-five people are believed ... giggle ... dead! Giggle ... giggle ...

The reason for all the laughter, folks is ... Jim got stuck with the dinner check ... yak ... yak!



... a chase scene in every Detective Show, regardless of the hero's physical handicap!



... Dean Martin and friend making leering references to booze!

Dino, I just love being on your show! Mmmmmmm—boy, you serve good coffee! Har-dee-har-har-har!

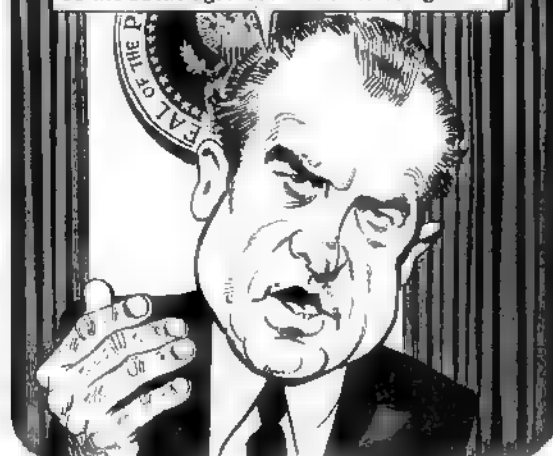
Coffee?!? On THIS show?! Why, we never serve anything stronger than Lemonade!!



... a Politician widening the credibility gap!

... and last month, prices rose only 2% ... the lowest rate of increase in over a year!

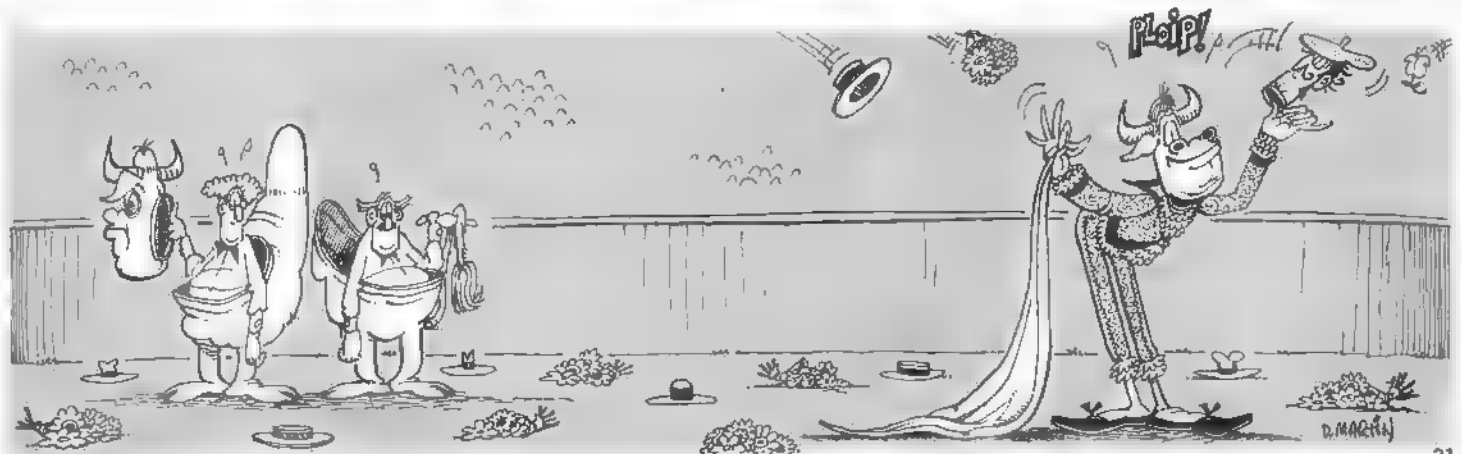
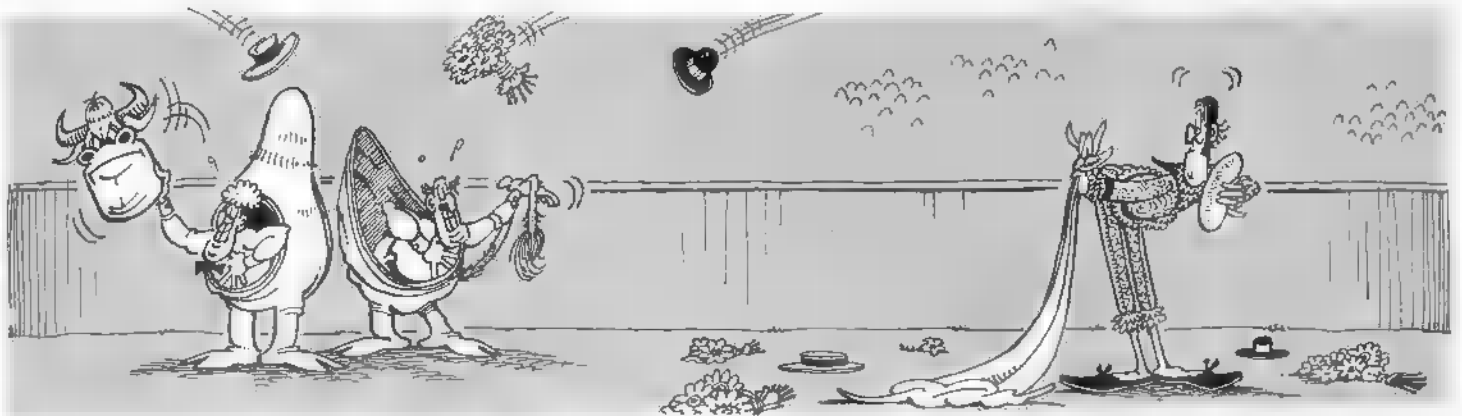
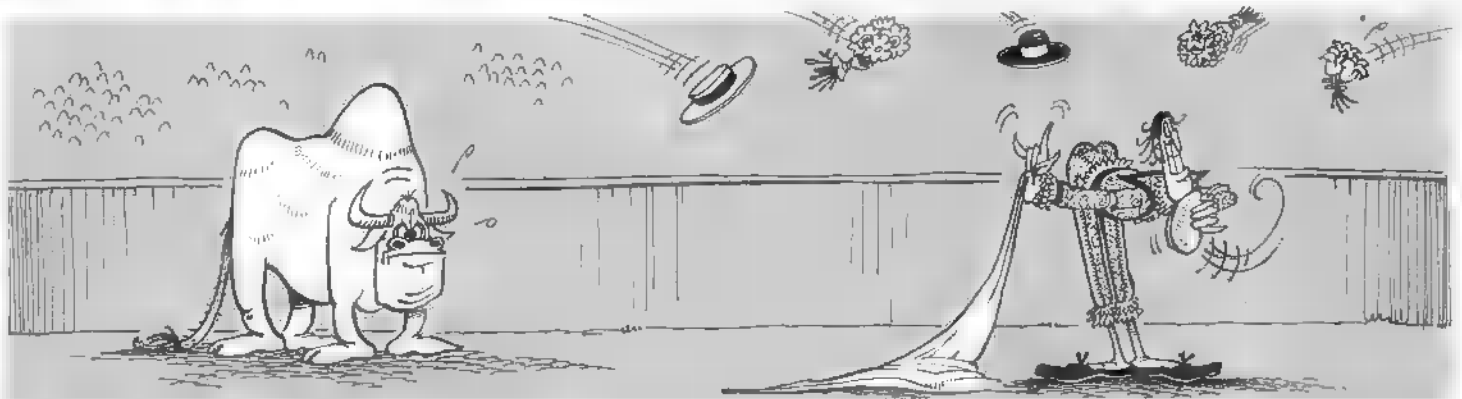
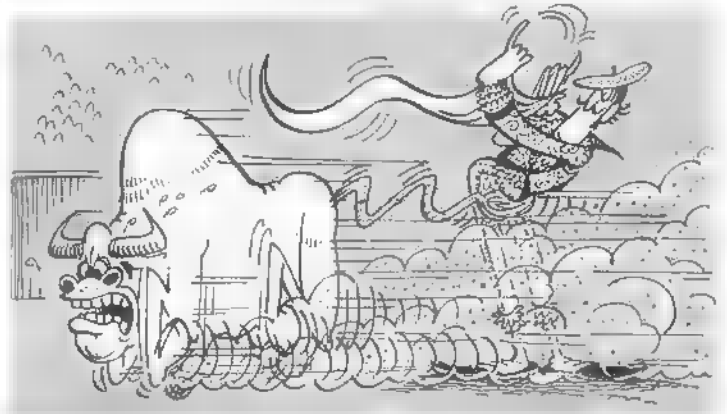
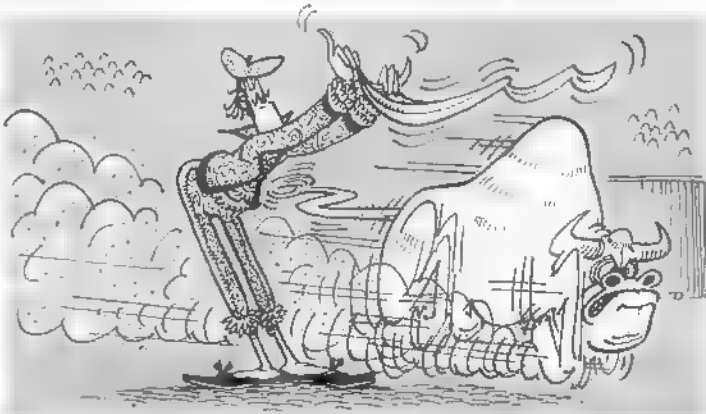
So the battle against inflation is being won!





DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

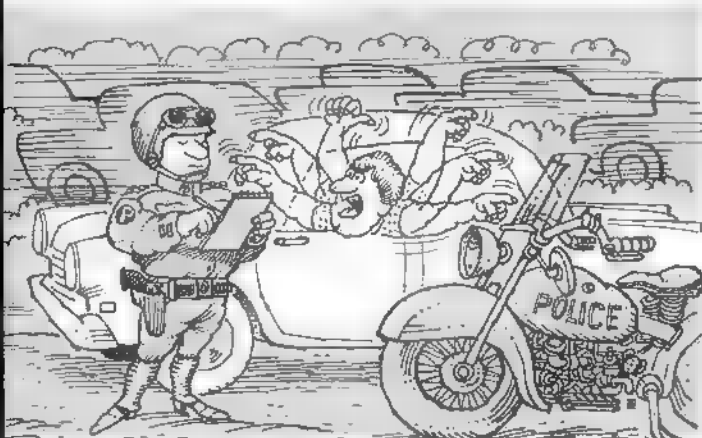
# ONE DAY AT THE BULLFIGHTS



**CAR SICK DEPT.**

Hey, gang! Here we go with another MAD "Hate Book," those little literary gems calculated to help you feel better by

# THE MAD CAR-OWN



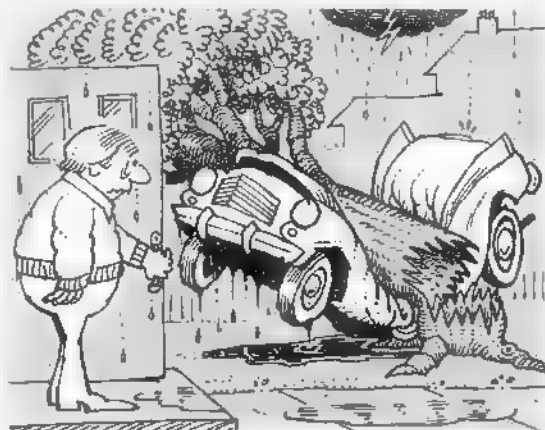
**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... being the only one caught speeding when you were just going as fast as everyone else.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... getting into the "Exact Change Only" lane, and ending up behind a guy who finds he hasn't got the exact change.



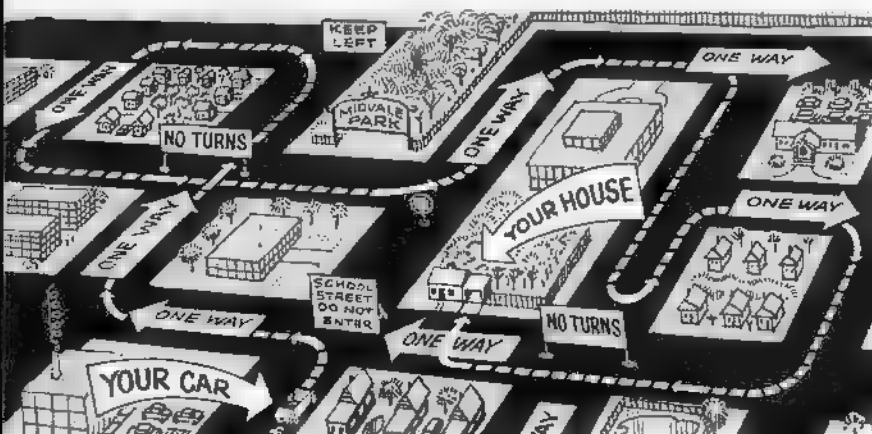
**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... when something happens the day after you let your comprehensive insurance expire.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... the nauseating smell of gasoline that wafts forward to tell you that they've over-filled your tank again.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

22 ... "One Way" and "No Turn" signs that take you miles out of your way.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... bumpers that are higher than yours.



blowing off steam about your pet hates. This one is for the relief of all you car-owners out there, and is called . . .

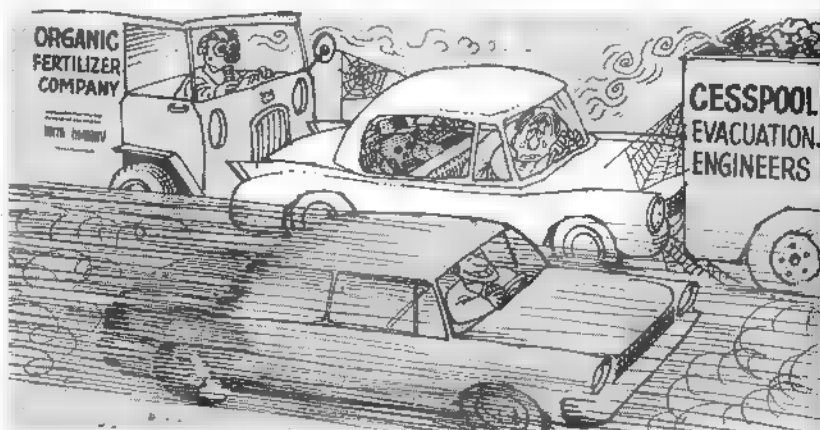


# ERS HATE BOOK

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE



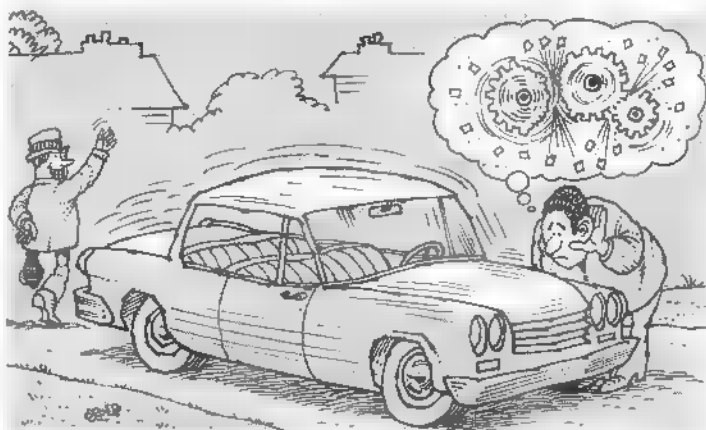
**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**  
... repair shops that always have to order the part you desperately need.



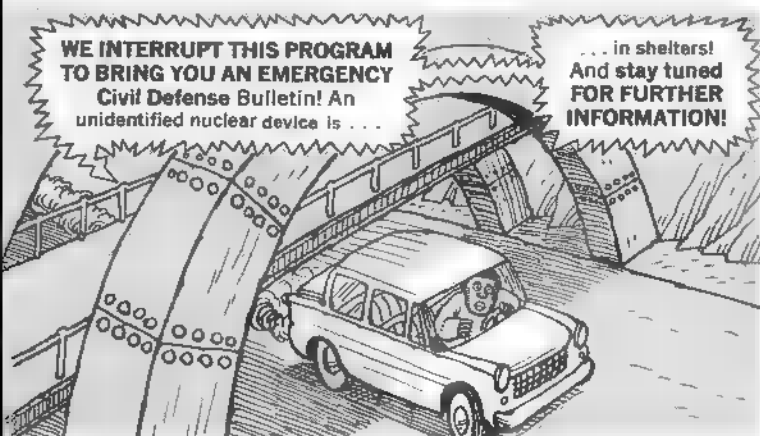
**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**  
... finally getting into that moving lane only to find that it abruptly stops . . . and your old one moves from then on.



**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**  
... a convertible top that invariably fails to operate whenever there's a sudden cloudburst.



**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**  
... lending your car to someone . . . and after it's returned, the engine makes a strange sound you've never heard before.



**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**  
... car radios that fade out at critical moments.



**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**  
... finding a vacant space where you parked your car.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... strange noises that always disappear the minute you take your new car back to the dealer ... and re-appear again right after you leave!



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... having to go to the bathroom on one of those new treeless, bushless, exitless super-highways.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... hearing the unmistakable sound of a failing engine when you're right smack in the middle of the worst section of town.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... people who carelessly track whatever they stepped into right into your brand new car.



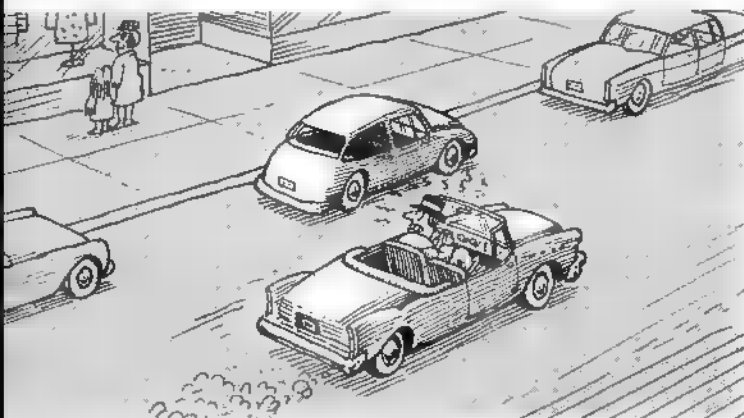
**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... know-it-all mechanics who insist that it's perfectly okay to do exactly the opposite—or use other parts—than what the manufacturer of your car specifically recommends.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... people who let kids eat in your new car.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... two cars that take up three parking spaces.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... glimpsing your car keys in the ignition just as you're slamming the locked car door.



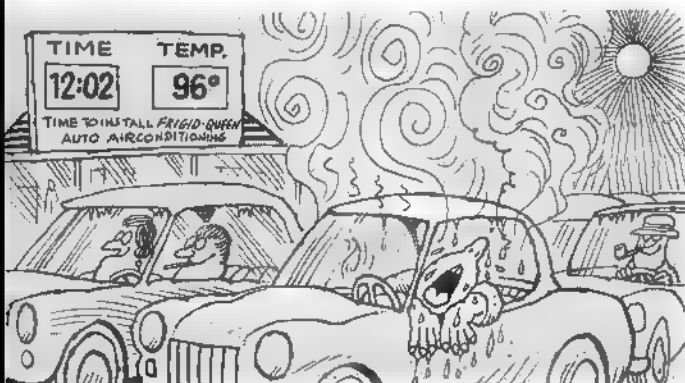
**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... getting a flat tire in the middle of nowhere when you're dressed to the hilt.



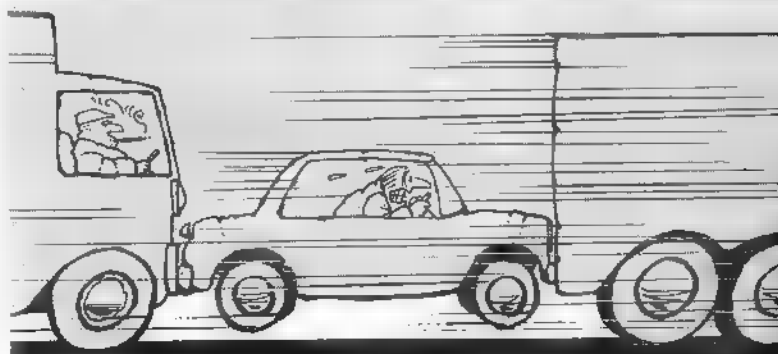
**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... lending someone your car with a full tank of gas—and having it returned with exactly two drops left.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... your new car's air conditioner that conks out during the first heat wave ... reminding you of how the heater conked out during the first cold wave.



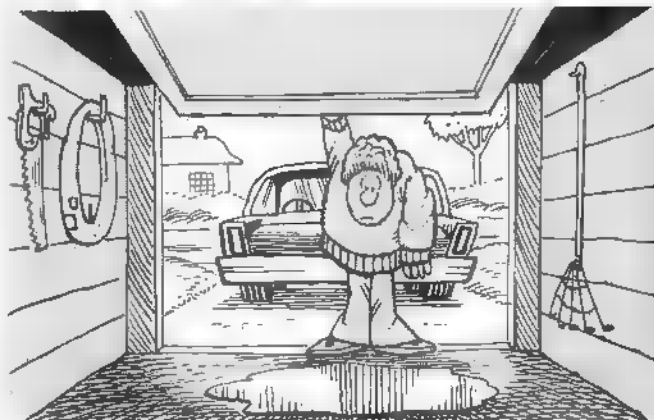
**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... being trapped between two huge trucks ... and having to go miles beyond your turn-off.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... forgetting where you parked your car in a 10,000 car parking lot.



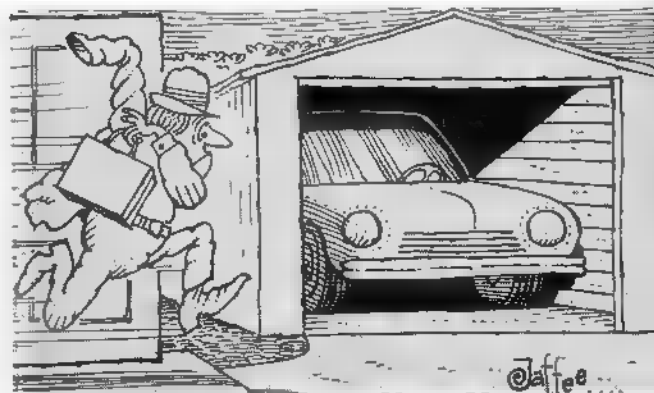
**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... finding a strange new puddle in your garage.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

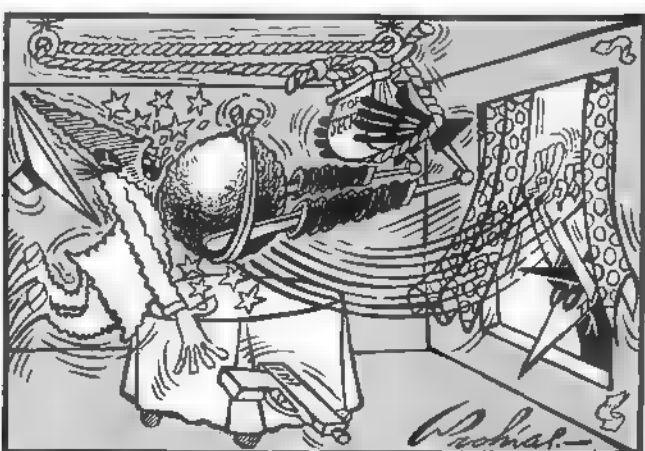
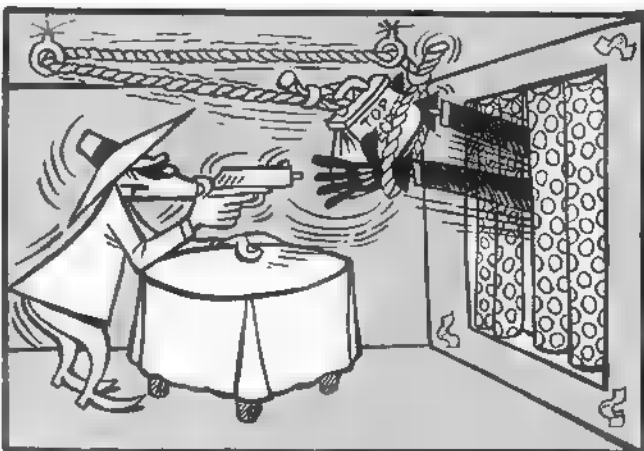
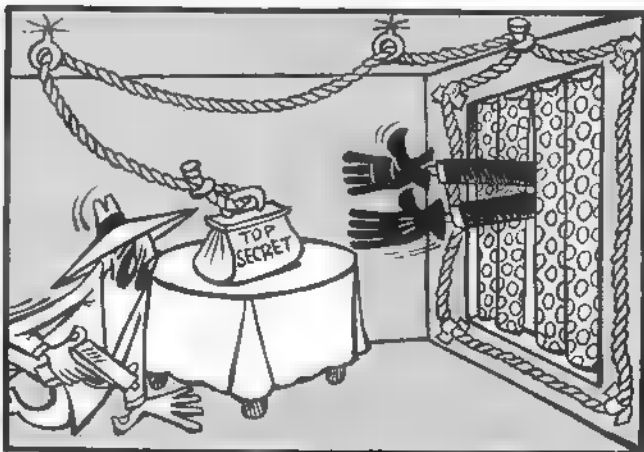
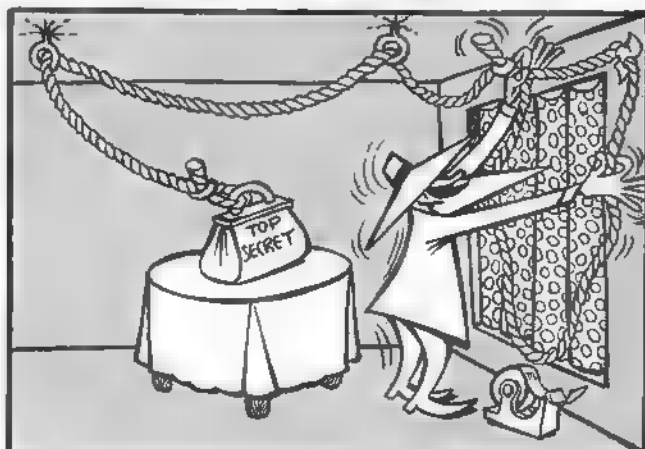
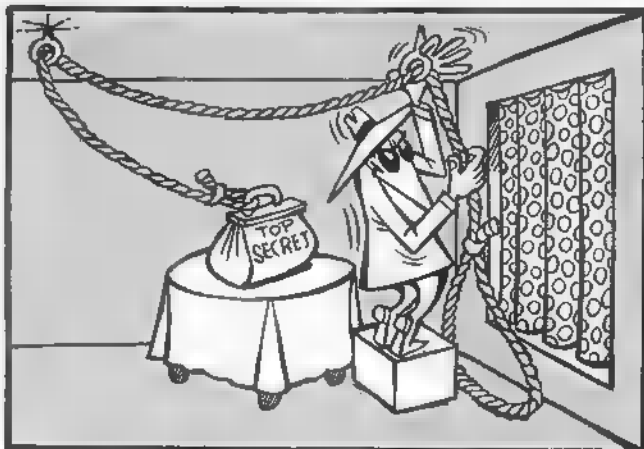
... gas station attendants who act like they're doing you the biggest favor in the world when they finally get to you.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... returning to your car the next morning just as the last faint glimmer of light fades from your headlights. 25







Is your cousin a Conservative? Is your Uncle a Liberal? Is your Exterminator a Leftist? Is your Boss a Reactionary? It's really easy to determine because each political type has certain unique characteristics and behaviorisms. So next time you want to know whether your future Wife is a New Left Extremist or your future Husband is a Right Wing Militarist, just study them and consult...



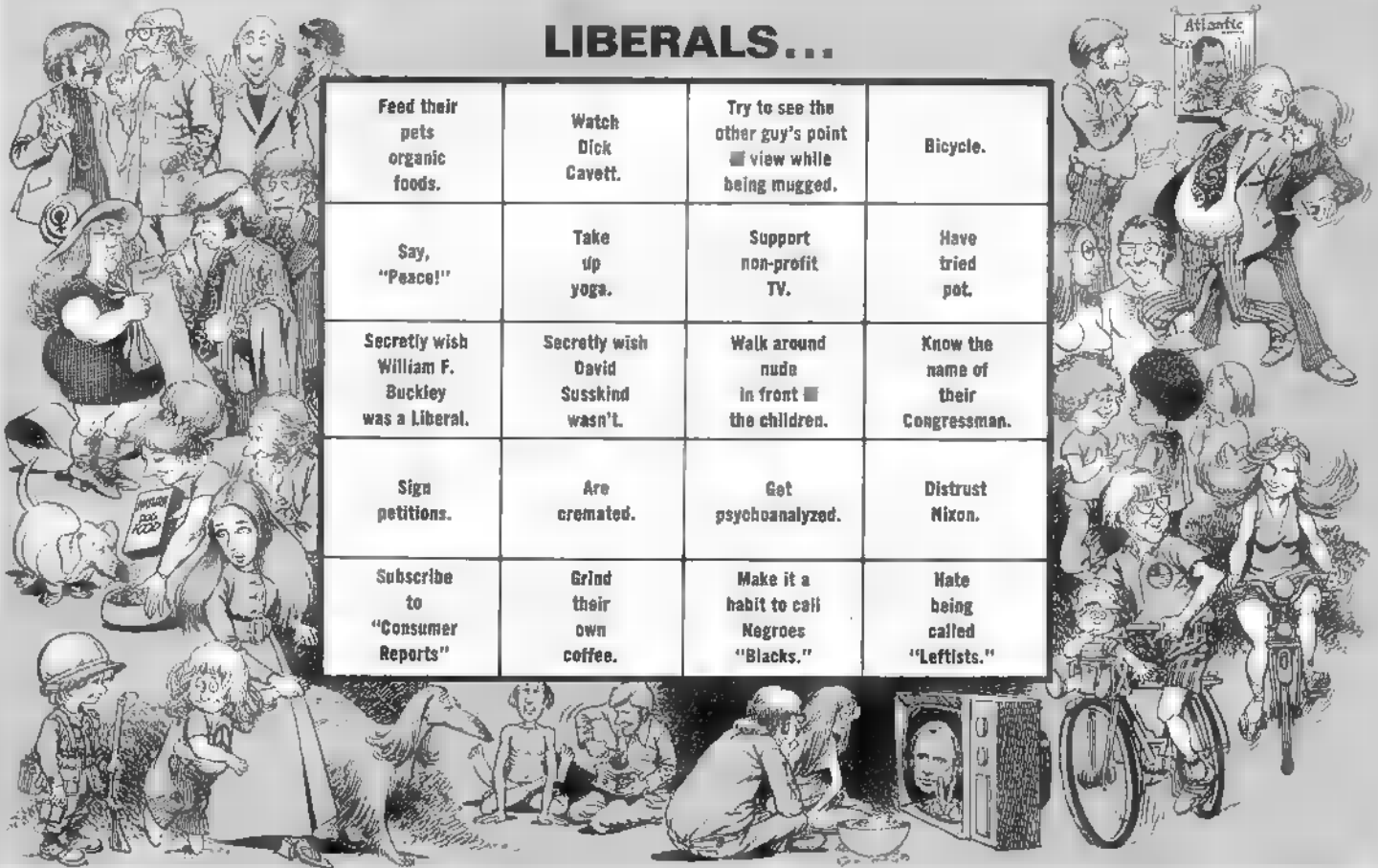
# THE MAD GUIDE TO POLITICAL TYPES



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE  
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

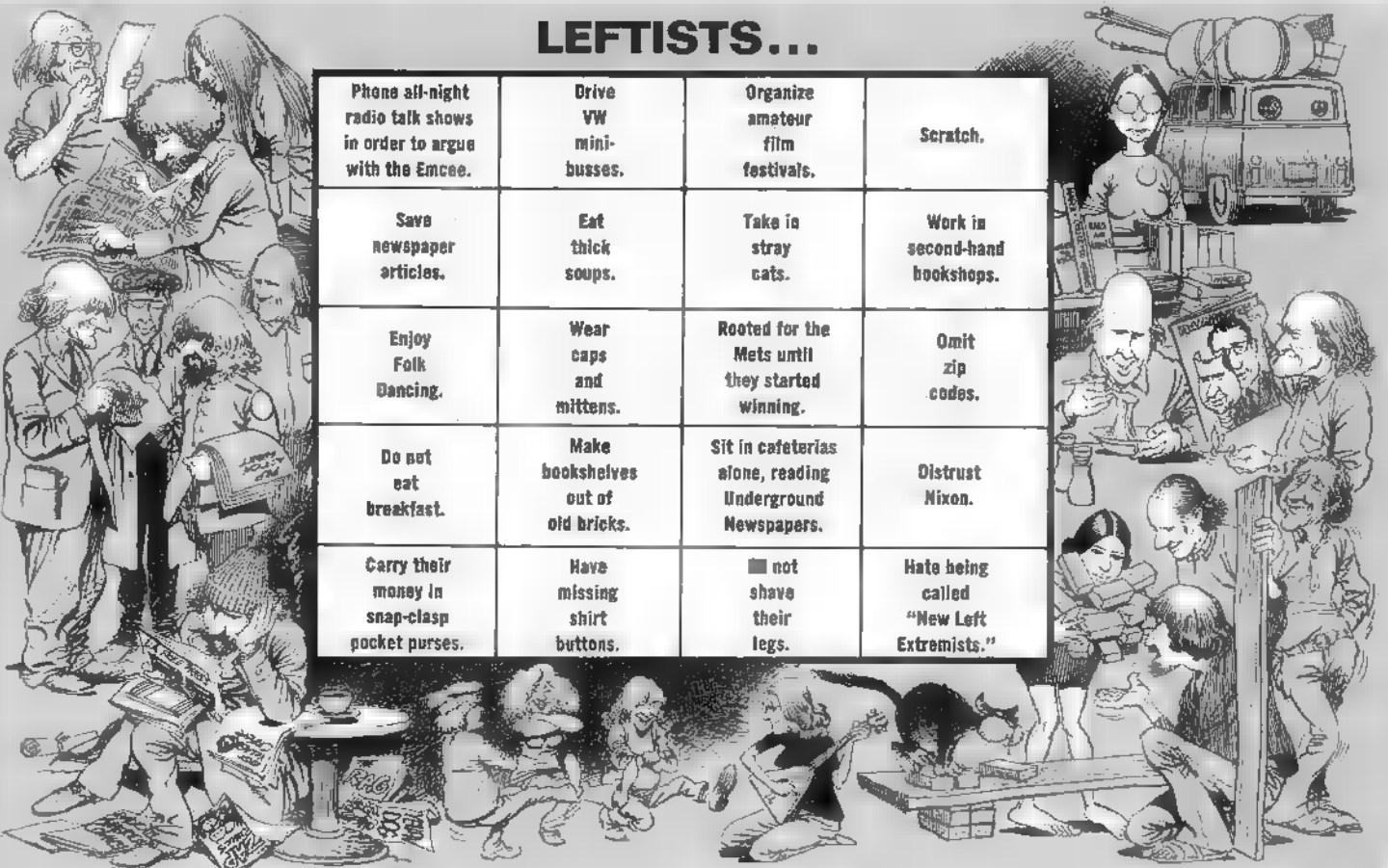
## LIBERALS...

Feed their pets organic foods.	Watch Dick Cavett.	Try to see the other guy's point ■ view while being mugged.	Bicycle.
Say, "Peace!"	Take up yoga.	Support non-profit TV.	Have tried pot.
Secretly wish William F. Buckley was a Liberal.	Secretly wish David Susskind wasn't.	Walk around nude in front ■ the children.	Know the name of their Congressman.
Sign petitions.	Are cremated.	Get psychoanalyzed.	Distrust Nixon.
Subscribe to "Consumer Reports"	Grind their own coffee.	Make it a habit to call Negroes "Blacks."	Hate being called "Leftists."



## LEFTISTS...

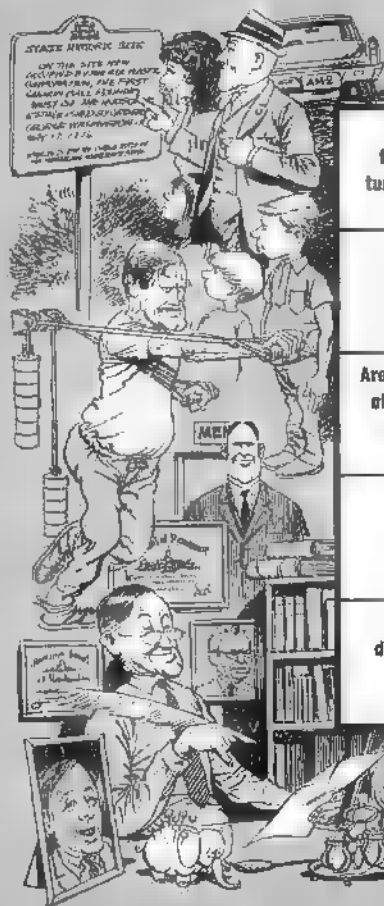
Phone all-night radio talk shows in order to argue with the Emcee.	Drive VW mini-busses.	Organize amateur film festivals.	Scratch.
Save newspaper articles.	Eat thick soups.	Take in stray cats.	Work in second-hand bookshops.
Enjoy Folk Dancing.	Wear caps and mittens.	Rooted for the Mets until they started winning.	Omit zip codes.
Do not eat breakfast.	Make bookshelves out of old bricks.	Sit in cafeterias alone, reading Underground Newspapers.	Distrust Nixon.
Carry their money in snap-clasp pocket purses.	Have missing shirt buttons.	■ not shave their legs.	Hate being called "New Left Extremists."





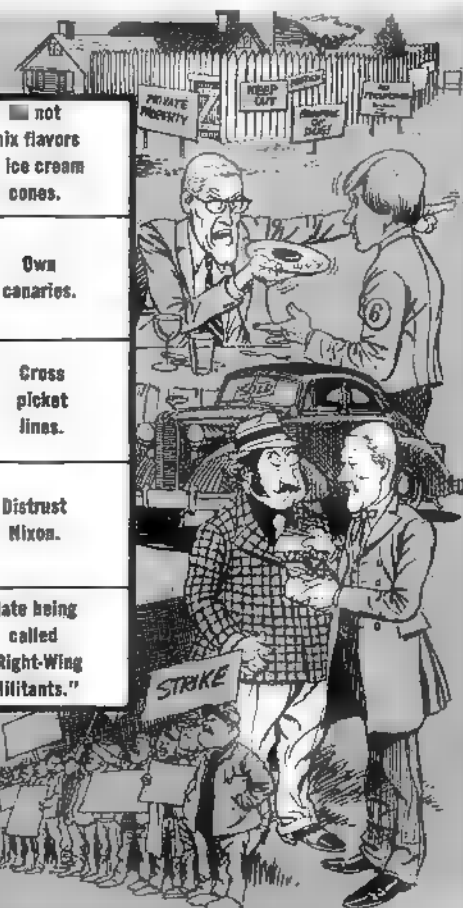
## CONSERVATIVES...

Wet their finger before turning the page of a book.	Sleep in twin beds.	Take pride in their penmanship.	Waltz.
Own Irish setters.	Are reliable pall-bearers.	Work out at a gym regularly.	Mail in Warrantees.
Are Life Members of the National Geographic Society.	Refer to Mohammed Ali as Cassius Clay.	Drive cars with low license plate numbers.	Over-decorate their homes ■ Christmas time.
Undertip.	Take pride in their "regularity."	Are on a first-name basis with their bank officer.	Distrust Nixon.
Are disgusted with Jtm Bouton.	Read Historical Markers.	Wear vests.	Hate being called "Reactionaries."



## REACTIONARIES...

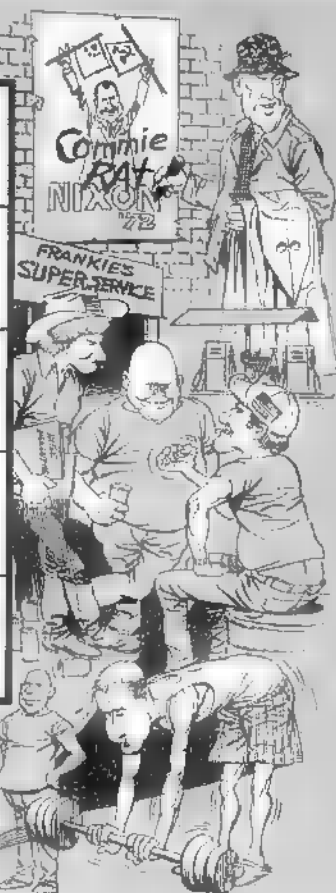
Pay cash.	Are suspicious of FM radio.	Wear suspenders.	■ not mix flavors in ice cream cones.
Erect high fences around their backyards.	Enjoy Philadelphia.	Never heard of John Lennon.	Own canaries.
Are convinced "Sesame Street" is subversive.	Have middle-aged secretaries.	Hate Astroturf.	Cross picket lines.
Take baths.	Do not sleep past 7:00 A.M.	Are pleased with Mt. Rushmore except for Jefferson.	Distrust Nixon.
Carry their money in snap-clasp pocket purses.	Wear jackets and ties to football games.	Like meat well done.	Hate being called "Right-Wing Militants."



## RIGHT-WING MILITANTS...



Wear boxer shorts and sleeveless undershirts.	Lift weights.	Hang Insurance Company calendars on their Living Room walls.	Own Dobermans.
Chew on match sticks.	Buy Spiro Agnew watches for the wrong reasons.	Bowl.	Hang around gas stations.
Send their mothers expensive, flowery, sentimental cards on Mother's Day.	Belong to Gun Clubs.	Frame their Army decorations and Discharge Certificates.	Only drink beer.
Smoke Camels.	Know Roller Derby stars by their first names.	Are tattooed.	Distrust Nixon
Don't understand what William F. Buckley says, but agree with him.	Wear religious medals around their necks.	Love parades.	Hate being called "Fascists."



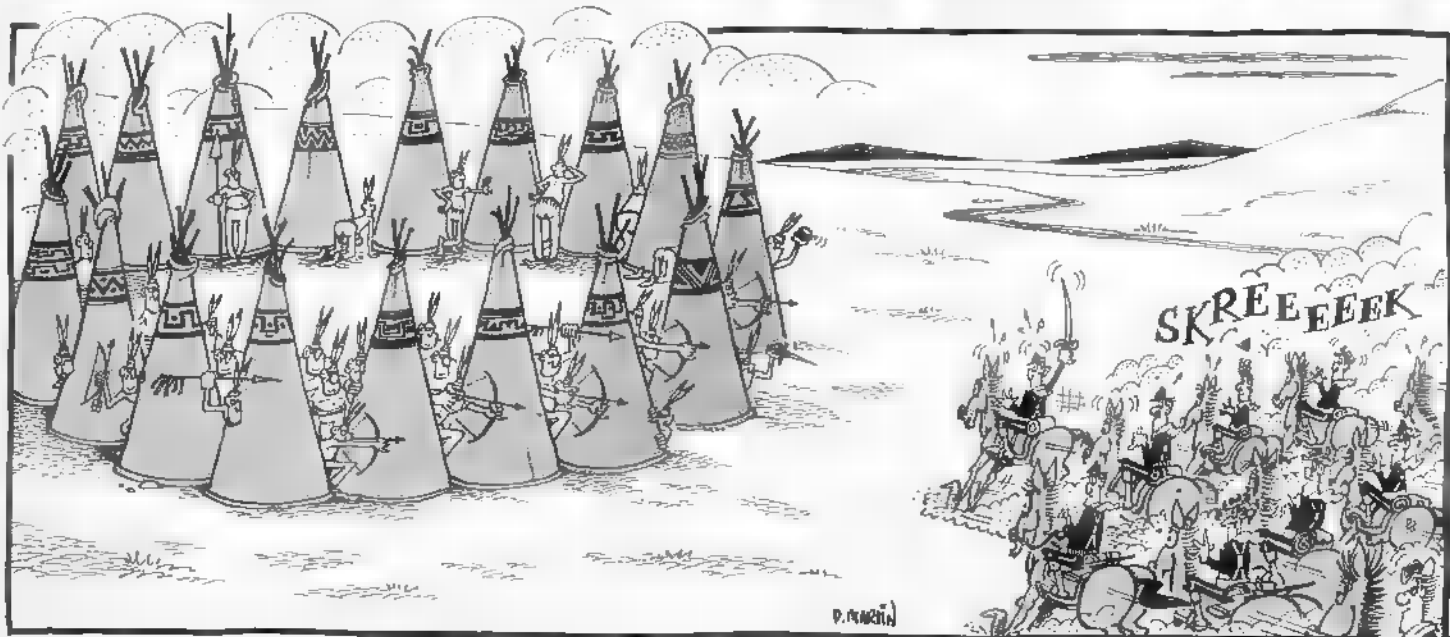
## NEW LEFT EXTREMISTS...



Burn incense.	Name their children after American Indian heroes.	Participate in nude weddings.	Slouch.
Grow their own marijuana.	Shoplift.	Eat chick peas.	Watch the 4:00 A.M. movie on TV, stoned.
Bring jars of peanut butter as house-warming gifts.	Refuse to cooperate with Census Takers.	Tie-die their babies' diapers.	Cast their own horoscopes.
Ignore New Year's Eve.	Own no chairs.	Mumble four-letter words in their sleep.	Distrust Nixon.
Teach their children Swahili.	Do not wear socks or underwear.	Move their belongings in wheelbarrows.	Hate being called "Anarchists."



# ONE DAY DURING A CAVALRY ATTACK



D. MARTIN



# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

# Hang

Like, I got this hang-up, see? And, like, it's a little hard to explain!

Like, it's different from the hang-ups other people have! Like, it's not the usual kind of hang-up!

Like, I'm hooked on it, and I just can't shake it! Like, you dig?

No, I DON'T dig! What in heck ■ your hang-up?

I like saying "like",

When I was a teenager, it bugged me that my parents didn't understand me?

So I made a vow that when I had teenage children, I would do my darndest to try to understand them! And that's exactly what happened! Today, I thoroughly understand my teenage children!

That must give you a great deal of satisfaction!

■ does! But now, something else bugs me!

My teenage children don't understand ME!!

That's a hang-up you've got ... being hooked on cigarettes!

I know it!

Smoking is very bad for your physical health!

I know it!

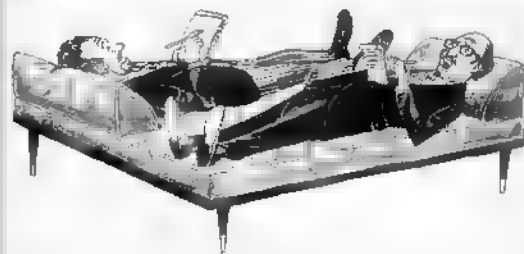
Smoking is also very bad for my MENTAL health!

That I didn't know!

Yeah! If I DON'T smoke, I go CRAZY!!

# g-Ups

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



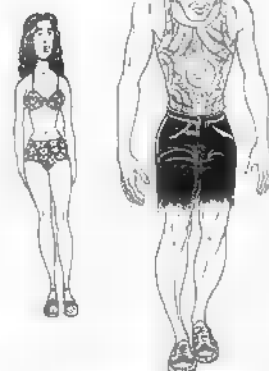
What was **THAT** all about?

He's sensitive, and you hit him in his weak spot! The fact that he's short makes him belligerent! He has to go around proving how **BIG** he is!

Why didn't you hit him back?

He's not the only one who's sensitive! He happened to hit me in **MY** weak spot!

I'm a **COWARD**!



I've got this hang-up . . . and it's very frustrating!

I want to do my very own individual thing!

But I can't!

Why can't you??

I can't find anybody to do it **WITH** me!



I love you, Milton! All of me loves you! My every cell, my every gland, my every thought process loves you!

Take me, Milton! Take my body! Take my soul! Take all of me! She who loves is a **Slave**! He who is loved is a **Master**! That makes you complete **Master** over me! So take me, **Master**!

I know that you love me, too, Milton! I instinctively know it! So why don't you admit it?

I'm afraid of rejection!



Chuck! You haven't got a drink! Let me get you a Scotch and Soda!

No, thanks! Boy, you're the fifth person to offer me liquor!

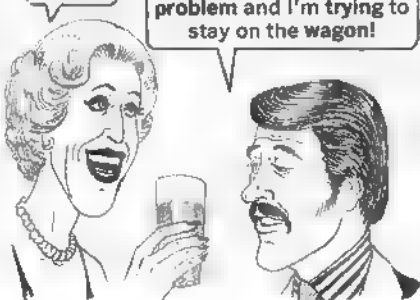
C'mon! Just one little drink!

Sorry, but I can't take 'just one'! It leads to a second and a third, and then I'm off on another bender! I have a drinking problem and I'm trying to stay on the wagon!

Oh, I didn't realize! Tell you what! I'll give you a plain glass of ginger ale! That way people will stop plying you with drinks!

Thank you! You are very understanding!

Will you look at Chuck . . . guzzling again! I knew he couldn't stay on the wagon!



Hi, Lenny, ol' pal!

Don't touch me! I can't stand being touched! Get your hands off me!

Gee, Lenny, I'm sorry! I was only trying to be friendly! See? My hands aren't touching you!

That's better! Now . . . what do you want?

Well . . . all I wanted was to ask you to lend me ten bucks!

I've already TOLD you!

I can't stand being touched!



They're absolutely right! Women have been sexually exploited since the very beginning of time . . . and it's got to change!!

Harry! From now on, you will no longer regard me as just a SEX OBJECT!!



Boy . . . am I uptight!

So take one of your tranquilizers!

That's what's got me so uptight! I forgot to bring my tranquilizers with me!



You—you may not believe this, but I just had my purse snatched!

No, I DON'T believe it . . . knowing what a hang-up you've had about being mugged, and all the precautions you've taken!

You bet I took precautions! I got the whole shmeer . . . a policeman's whistle, a spray can of mace, a siren, a hat pin . . . the whole works!

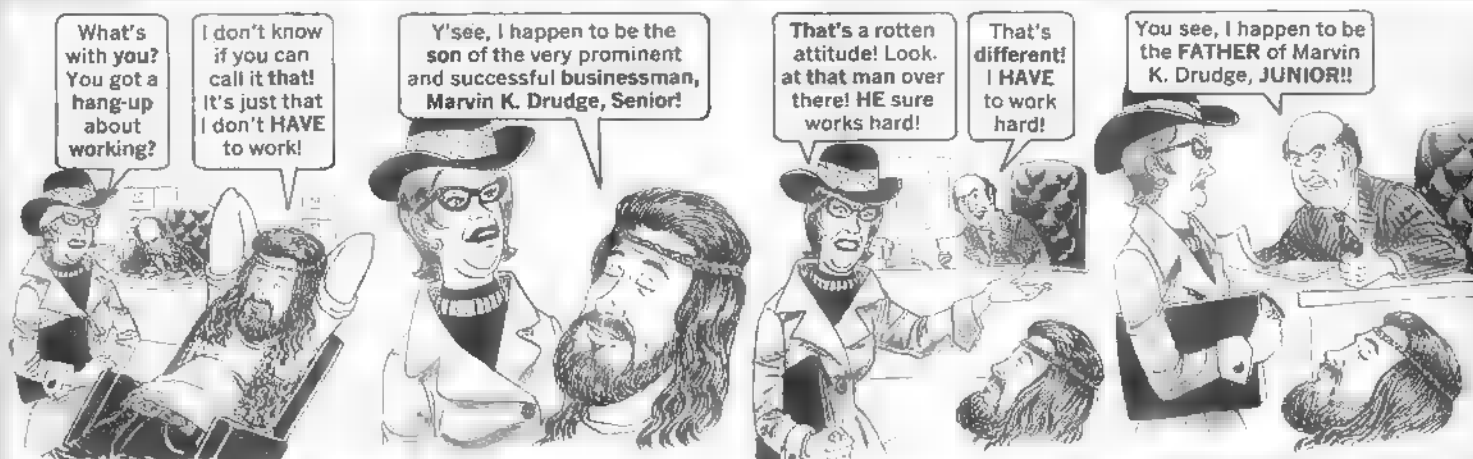
So why didn't you use any of that stuff?

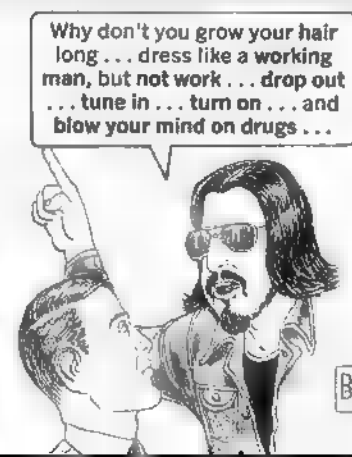
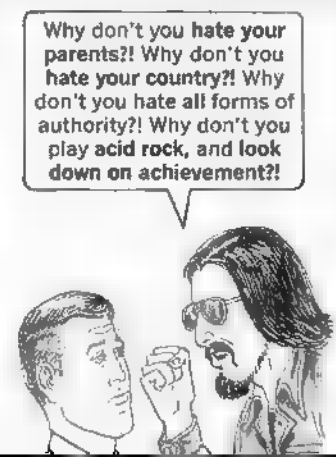
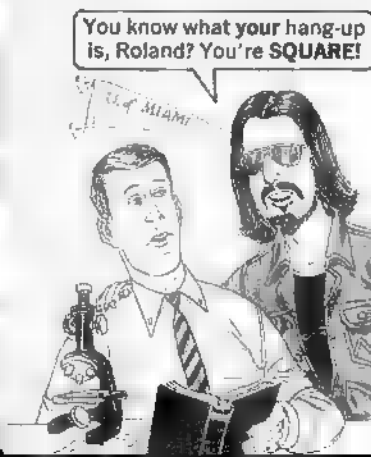
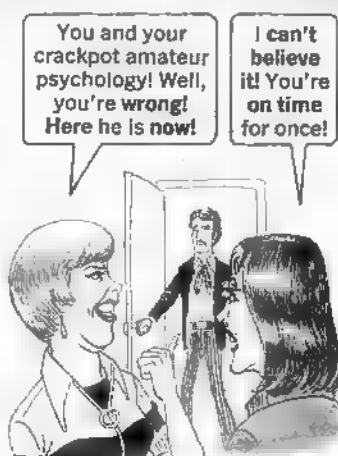
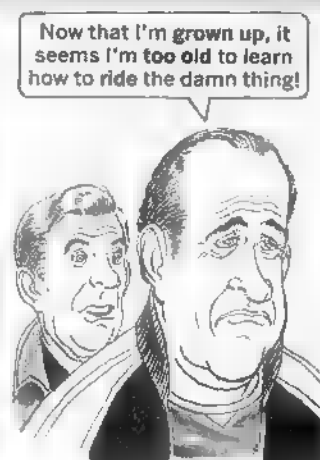
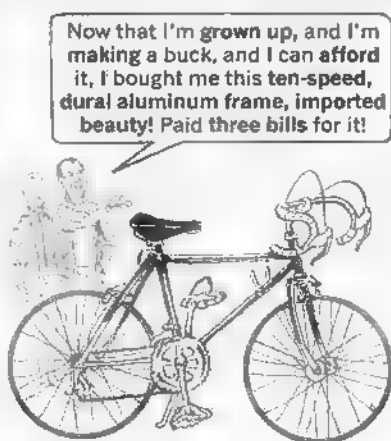
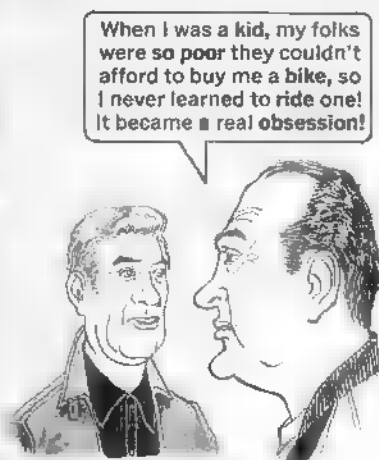
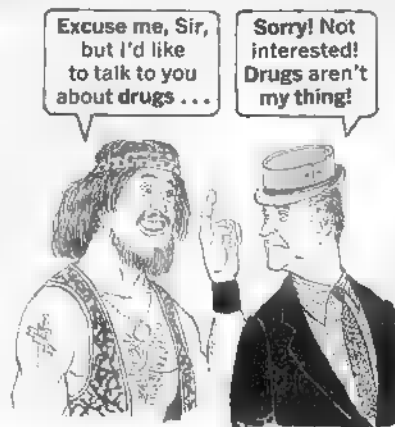
I would have!

But they were all in my purse!









**SHOW BIZ-ZY SIGNALS DEPT.**

Critics are forever blasting Television for its "unrealistic" portrayal of characters and events. However, assuming that it's true that one can learn a lot about a community just by browsing through the local telephone book, MAD can demonstrate that TV-Land is as typically American as any place else. Just let your fingers do the walking through this MAD version of...

# THE TELEVISION YELLOW PAGES



## 1972-1973

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD  
WRITER: TOM KOCH





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"Let Us Increase Your Sales By Insulting Your Customers! Don't Just Sit There, Dummy—Learn How To Dial & Call Us!"

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### MARTIN, DICK

## BEDROOM WRESTLING Your Place or Mine

Unlisted Address .....Blppy 3-7171

Namath, Joe, c/o Club de Hoodlum....REddog 8-5000  
(See My Display ■ This Page)

Plimpton, George,  
Fantasy World Estates .....Mitty 3-5122

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Wise, Comforting Advice to Criminals  
ABSOLUTELY FREE BONUS:  
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Illegible Shorthand, Light Typing &  
Heavy Pratifalls

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Let Me Save Your Business With My  
Infallible Common Sense, Nauseating  
Cheerfulness & Utterly Disgusting  
Boundless Energy.

1719 Goodiegrin Rd. ....BOTchlovely 5-0128

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"WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET!"

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See "Law Enforcement Agents"

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"Merchandising Lechery For 2 Generations"  
I Specialize in Loud House Parties,  
Monotone Mumbling, Vicarious Fun & Games  
and Manly Posing with Pipes.

Playboy Club, Suite 400 ....BUnnyhug 2-7000

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45 Years of Experience Catering to  
Teen Ager—Strictly Kosher

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### MARTIN, DEAN

"NAUGHTY BUT CUTE"  
Drunken Ogling Passionate Stumbling

86 Cutty Sark Hwy .....CUecard 6-5922

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Lassie, c/o Wholesome Farms....WUndermutt 3-9157

### PAX

Call Longstreet  
and Ask for The  
Brains of the Outfit!

285 Sharpears Terrace .....WHitecane 6-7721

### THE TAMMY GRIMES SHOW

TELEVISION'S BIGGEST DOG YET!

3 Episode Run .....QUickcancel 5-5923

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Barney the Phone Bugger,  
I.M.F. Force Basement .....GAdget 0-0007

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Impish Humorous Perpetual  
Vandalism Delinquency Upheaval

DAY OR NIGHT

2278 Laughtrack Lane .....ROtentots 8-2137

King Family,  
3728 Cleancut Circle .....WARblemore 4-7675

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**EIGHT  
OFF-KEY BARITONES  
AND ONE BRASH  
MIDGET TO SERVE YOU**

Malechild Breeding Farms....LOudtyke 3-7769

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Specializing in Highly Forgettable  
Ballads, Ear Splitting Guitar  
Amplification, Maternal Wisdom  
and Second Hand Bus Rentals

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### CONTINENTAL FLANGE CORP.

ARNIE NUVO, EXECUTIVE BUNGLER

Call Us to Fill All Your Wants For:

OFFICE IDIOCY  
UNBELIEVABLE PERSONNEL  
PREPOSTEROUS DIALOGUE

Flanges May Also be Available When We  
Find Out What They Are

385 Stupidity St. ....CLassconscious 1-3276

## ► Fuzz

See "Law Enforcement Agents"

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ALL-ROUND AMERICAN SPORTSMAN

Instant Worldwide Service to Bloodthirsty  
Celebrities. High Caliber Weapons Provided  
—Quick Species Extinction Guaranteed.

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Plimpton, George,  
Fantasy World Estates .....Mitty 3-5122

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The One To Call for Vintage Wine Tasting,  
Gourmet Delicacy Cooking, Suave Culture  
& Groin Kicking Brawls.

1972 Continental Drive .....FATso 3-9191

### LONGSTREET, MIKE

Reasonably Thorough Investigations,  
All Things Considered

IF A DOG ANSWERS, HANG UP!

285 Sharpears Terrace ....WHitecane 6-7721

Mannix, Joe,  
1807 N. Skullsplitter .....ULtraviolence 3-9455  
Mod Squad, 72 Generation Gap .....Righton 6-8135  
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

## "Snooping With Style" MOD SQUAD

Don't Send a Man to Do a Boy's Job  
Send A YOUTHFUL WEIRDO  
Kids TRUST and UNDERSTAND

We turn even Simple Searches for Teen-Age  
Runaways into Hair Raising Confrontations  
with Narcotics Rings, Phony Indian Mystics  
and Psychopathic Axe Murderers. Try Us!

Mod Squad  
Investigators  
72  
Generation  
Gap

**Righton 6  
-8315**

"Finking on  
the Hip  
Underground  
since  
1968"

# ARE YOU LOOKING FOR MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER MILLION DOLLAR QUARTERBACK?



Then Call **BROADWAY JOE** Your "Full Service" Athlete

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- — Dull TV Talk Shows Quickly Converted into X-Rated Entertainment
- — Convincing Endorsements for Shave Cream & Popcorn Poppers
- — Even Some Football Played if Absolutely Necessary

**JOE NAMATH Club de Hoodlum REddog 8-5000**

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SANFORD & SON

### We Buy & Sell Old Racial Jokes

2939 Amos & Andy Memorial Dr. SOul 3-9087

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ADAM-12 & ASSOCIATES

Even Trivial Misdemeanors Handled With  
Long, Dull Thoroughness. No Extra Charge  
for House Calls—  
Unbelievably Prompt Service  
Hall of Justice Annex, Room 1782-A  
Municipal Building .....NOblefuzz 5-9100

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CRIMES REQUIRING  
INTERMINABLE JEEP CHASES OVER  
UNPAVED ROADS PREFERRED

Sun Baked Court House .....Dustbowl 8-1244

Dodge City Marshal's Office,  
101 Main St. ....GUNsmoke 1-1111  
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

ERSKINE, INSPECTOR LEWIS

When Split-Second Speed is Vital, Don't  
Just Say, "Send the F.B.I." Say, "Send  
Chief of The Regional Investigative Unit  
EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR."

You'll Love My Permanently Waxed Hair—  
Don't Settle for Less!

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
AND POLITENESS

Suite 1, Federal Bldg. ....UNdercover 9-2138

HAWAII STATE POLICE DEPT.

"Aloha Haole Oahu Muumuu Aloha"  
Also Brutal Knifings, Raunchy Smugglers  
& Spectacular Tropical Scenery

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IRONSIDE, ROBERT

If Your Crime Can  
Be Solved Sitting Down,  
I Can Solve It!

2 Wheelchair Rd. ....TEmpertantrum 6-8845

LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPT.

A SUBSIDIARY of JACK WEBB ENTERPRISES  
Hall of Selfless Dedication ....YESman 7-3800

PHELPS, JIM

Let My Staff Complicate Even  
Your Simplest Case Into  
An Impossible Mission

Ask About Our SPECIAL RATES  
On Dictatorship Overthrowings.

12 Free World Plaza .....SEwersneak 3-2144

U.S. Treasury Investigative Div.,  
155 E. Janssen .....TAXfraud 2-5777  
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

## ►Misc. Industries & Executives

GREAT AMERICAN DREAM MACHINE CO.

We Absolutely Guarantee:  
No Foreign Dream Machinery Produced

3 Non-Commercial Rd. ....INtellectual 5-9120

MacMurray, Fred,  
2516 Loving Warmth Drive .....Wisepapa 9-0372  
(See My Display Ad This Page)

## ►Photographers, Commercial

Plimpton, George,  
Fantasy World Estates .....Mitty 3-5122

Unger, Felix,  
Neatnik Towers, Suite 610 .....ODdcouple 7-3336  
(See My Display Ad This Page)

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ADAMS, DOC

Practice Confined to the Removal of Bullets  
With Unsterilized Blacksmith Tools

No Extra Charge  
for Anesthetic  
Because I Don't  
Have Any

Suffer Now —  
Pay Later  
With My Shipshod  
Billing System

23 Main St., 2nd Floor .....GUNsmoke 1-1112

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Let the U.S. Treasury put a little excitement  
in your life! Just phone Jim O'Hara and his  
nosy colleagues about anything ■ all. Your  
home will soon be crawling with armed federal  
agents eager to implicate you in a wide assort-  
ment of thrilling and reprehensible felonies.

Old Form  
1040's of  
All Well  
Meaning  
Citizens  
Audited



We Handle  
Arrangements  
For Deporting  
Your Foreign  
Born Loved  
Ones

BE SURE TO CALL  
TAXfraud 2-5777

"LET O'HARA PUT YOU ■ THE HOT SEAT"

## MEDICAL CENTER

Always 23 Doctors for Every Patient  
No Waiting

1800 Penicillin Plaza.....Richquack 8-9000

Welby, Marcus, Angel of  
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See "Law Enforcement Agents"

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JOSEPHINE

EXPERT SINK SCOURING SINCE 1961  
No Other Plumbing Work Ever Done  
Minimum Service Charge, \$14, But I  
Let You Keep The Cleanser.

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With My Three  
Sons — 1960



With My Five Sons, Three Daughters-In-Law, 27  
Grandchildren, Assorted Step-Nieces, etc. — 1972

You can trust the confidential discretion of a business executive who has  
raised four generations of children without ever telling any of them what  
he does for a living! I guess my fees are high, considering how well I  
live and how little I work. But, for all I know, I may be well worth it.

Let Me Do For You What I Probably Have Done For Others

2516 LOVING  
WARMTH DRIVE

FRED MacMURRAY, TYCOON or SOMETHING

Wisepapa 9-  
0372

## ★ DODGE CITY MARSHAL ★

Any Crime Committed During the 19th Century Solved in One Hour or Less



We Specialize in Stagecoach Hold-Ups, Horse Thievery,  
Squatter Eviction, Quick Draw Shoot-outs & Rustic Humor

Matt Dillon  
Boss & Father Figure

PHONE  
GUNsmoke 1-1111

Festus Haggin  
Deputy & Lovable Oaf

## HAVE YOUR PHOTO TAKEN IN MY SPOTLESSLY CLEAN STUDIO



Waiting Room Vacuum Cleaned Hourly  
Ash Trays Emptied Compulsively  
No Charge for Room Freshener Spraying  
Expertly Hand Dusted Darkroom Equipment  
All Enlargements Folded with Hospital Corners  
Pictures Also Taken if Housework Schedule Permits

FELIX UNGER

NEATNIK TOWERS

ODdcouple 7-  
3336

Only Local Photographer  
With The Good Housekeeping  
Seal of Approval

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See "Investigators, Private"

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**BEN CARTWRIGHT,**  
Owner & Operator  
**JOE CARTWRIGHT,**  
Romance & Barbed Wire Expert  
**HOSS CARTWRIGHT,**  
Chief Glutton & Buffoon  
R.R.2, Box 9:00 EST .....80nanza 0-1869

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**Reverend Leroy, Pastor**  
**Borderline Sacrilege**  
**Always in**  
**Questionable Taste**  
2617 Amos & Andy Memorial Drive  
Flipsermon 5-1134

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TV's Only Popular Spiritual Symbol  
Forced out of Business....Phone Disconnected

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Sesame Street Tutoring Service,  
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**"Achieving Tolerance**  
**by Integrating**  
**Delinquency"**

Currently Seeking Even Greater Racial  
Balance by Recruiting Teen-Age Eskimos,  
Watusis, Abominable Snowmen & Phoenicians.

77 Harmonious Hallway..BROtherhood 6-2187  
Principal's Office.....BROtherhood 6-2188  
Cafeteria & Forum of Wisdom.....BR 6-2189

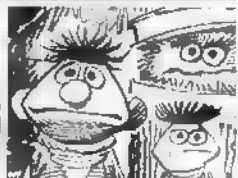
## ►Speakers, Charming

### CARSON, JOHNNY

Offering a Complete Repertoire of  
Innocent Smirks, Imaginary Golf Swings,  
Boyish Smut & Other Sure-Fire  
Conversation Stoppers

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EXPERIENCED FACULTY OF HAND PUPPETS  
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Sanger, Mark,  
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(See My Display Ad This Page)

## MARK SANGER

"Not  
Just  
Another  
Stere-  
typed  
Darky"



Fully Experienced  
in Police Work as  
Chief Ironside's  
Trusted Assistant in Charge of:  
CHAUFFERING, WHEELCHAIR  
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THE HEIST OF IDIOCY DEPT.

Once upon a time, not too many years ago, all movie criminals were considered to be the "bad guys"! Oh, we know it's hard to believe, but take our word for it! That's the way things were! Now, of course, movie criminals are all lovable and dopey and they never get caught and crime is fun! Like f'rinstance in this latest caper movie...

# The Cute Rook

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

So they're finally letting you out, eh? What were you in for?

Grand Larceny!

What'd you do?

I accepted money for acting in "The Downhill Racer"!

Wow! You sure got GUTS!!

Better not make the same mistake again! Next time, you won't get off so easy!

Why won't I get off so easy?

Now you're a Three-Time Loser! Before "Downhill Racer," there was "Willie Boy" and "Blue"! Society must be protected!



Oh-oh! There's a guy in a flashy car  
... following me! That could mean  
only one thing! Feet ... do your duty!  
Man ... why can't they leave me alone?!!



Hey, it's  
me! Your  
Brother-  
In-Law,  
Klepto!

Thank God! I ... I  
thought you were a  
Movie Producer with  
a part for me!

I may be  
dopey,  
but I'm  
not  
suicidal!



I got a  
job lined  
up! We're  
going to  
steal the  
famous  
Fuhkarwi  
Diamond!

But isn't stealing  
a diamond a **CRIME**?

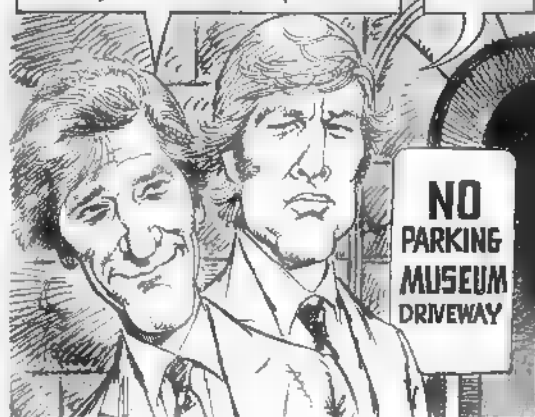
Not if you act  
dopey, and you  
bungle the job!  
Everybody loves  
stupid crooks!



What makes you think I can do it?

Because I've seen you work under  
pressure! You don't show any sign  
of emotion! Come to think of it,  
you don't show any sign of emotion  
when you're **NOT** under pressure!

I have  
nerves  
of steel  
... and  
facial  
muscles  
to match!



**NO  
PARKING  
MUSEUM  
DRIVEWAY**

Try not to be conspicuous  
while we case the joint!

Trust  
me!



Zelda, don't you think this  
is a very lifelike statue?

No ... not  
particularly!



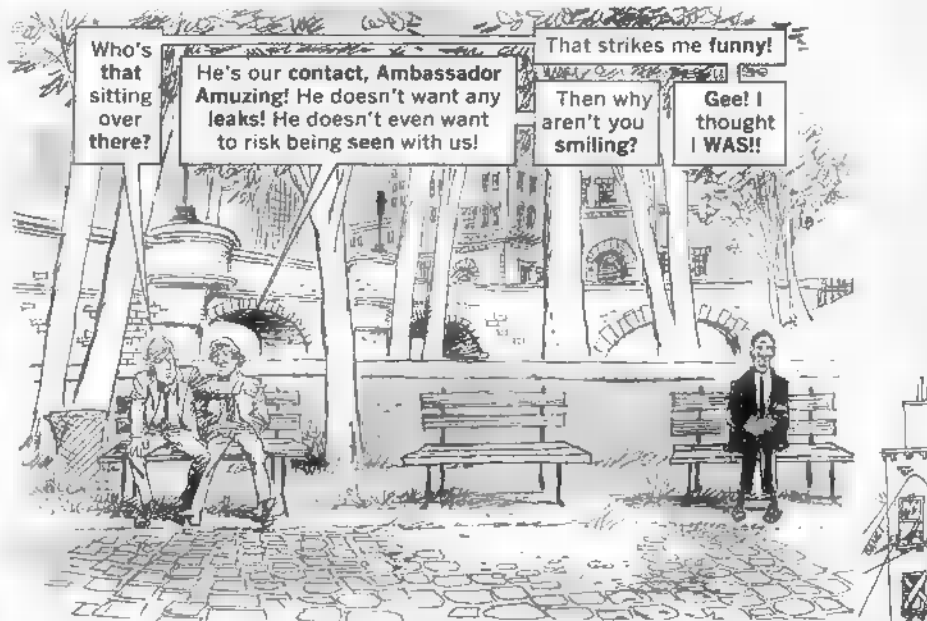
Who's  
that  
sitting  
over  
there?

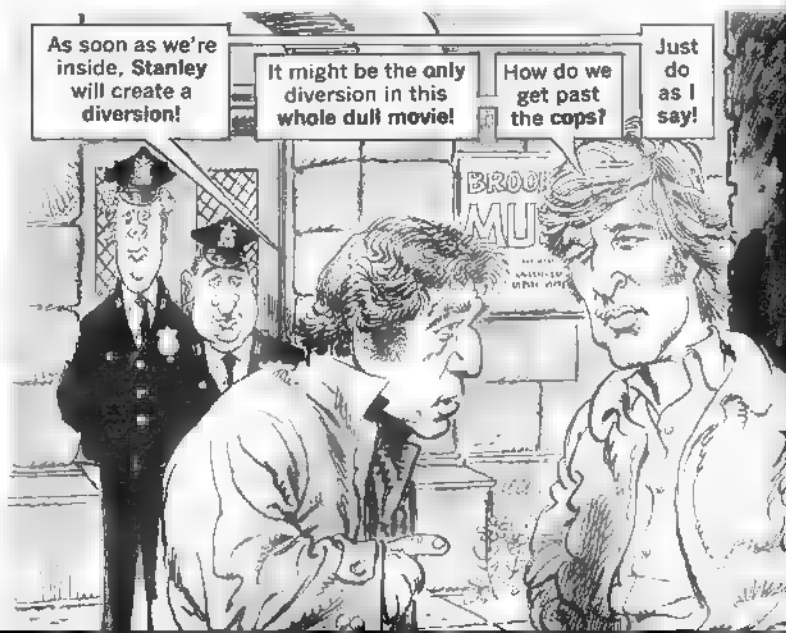
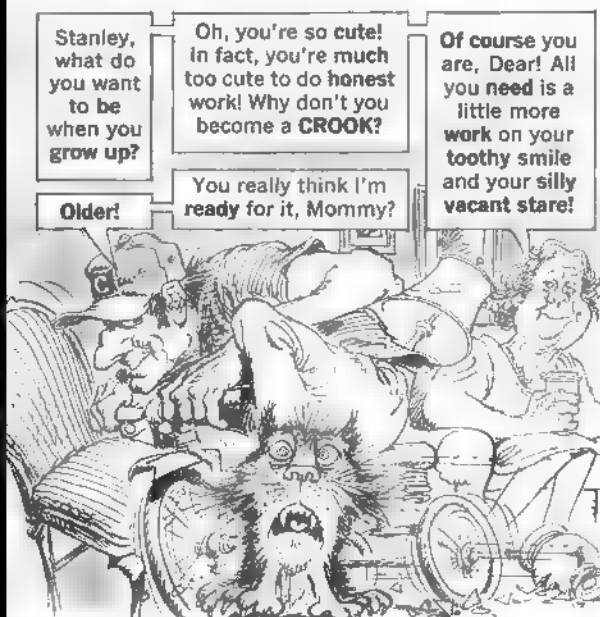
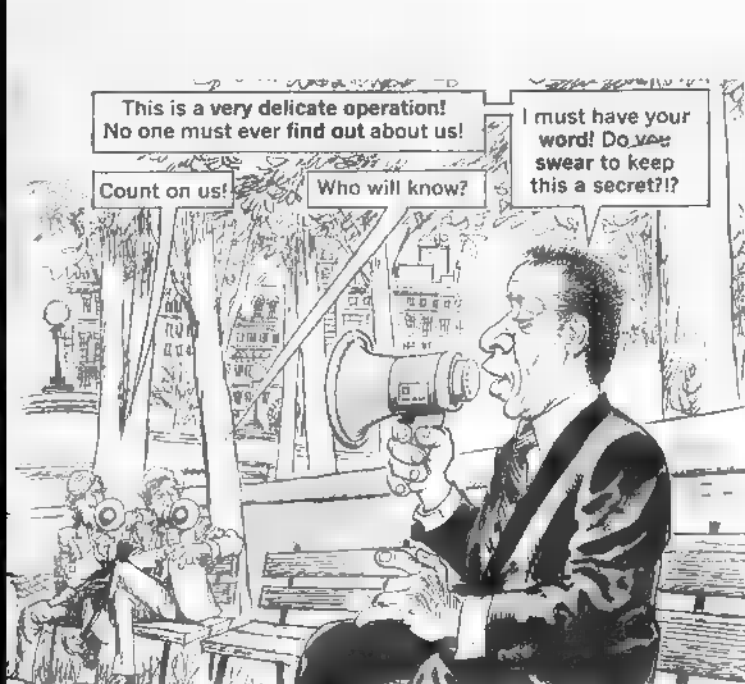
He's our contact, Ambassador  
Amuzing! He doesn't want any  
leaks! He doesn't even want  
to risk being seen with us!

That strikes me funny!

Then why  
aren't you  
smiling?

Gee! I  
thought  
I WAS!!







Help! Police!  
This mugger  
■ trying  
to kill me!

What  
should  
we  
do?

Remember! You're a  
New York City cop!  
Don't get involved!

Sorry!  
I forgot!  
Rookie!



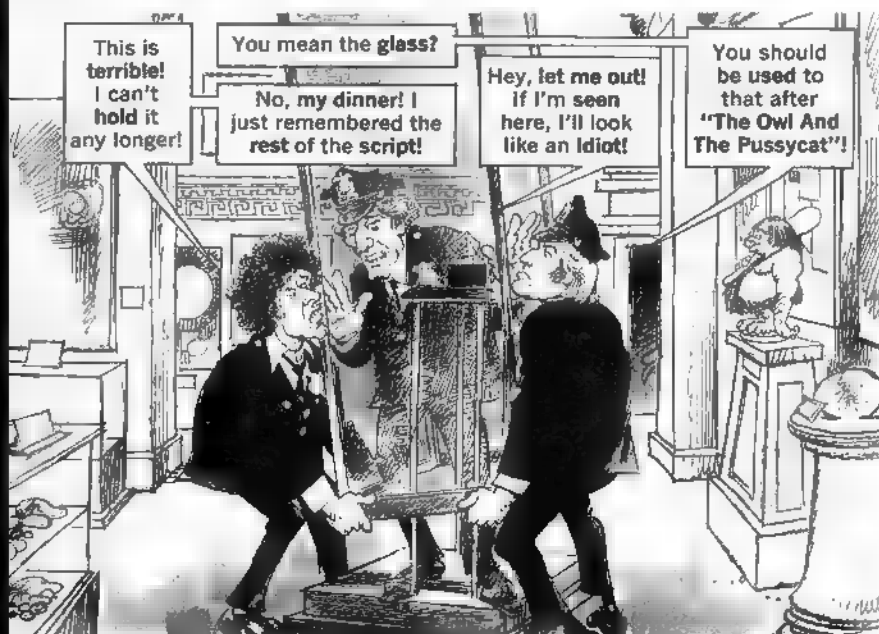
Is that  
your  
vehicle?

I-I'm  
dying!

First things first!  
You got a special  
permit to park there?

Why don't you phone  
for an Ambulance!?

Are you kidding!?!  
You KNOW that no  
public phone works  
■ New York City!  
I should lose a dime  
on ■ total stranger!?



This is  
terrible!  
I can't  
hold it  
any longer!

You mean the glass?

No, my dinner! I  
just remembered the  
rest of the script!

Hey, let me out!  
If I'm seen  
here, I'll look  
like an idiot!

You should  
be used to  
that after  
"The Owl And  
The Pussycat"!



The other  
three got away,  
but we caught  
this one!

How come?  
Wasn't he  
fast enough?

No, he  
wasn't  
**CUTE**  
enough!



My son, Allen, is  
in jail, and he  
has the diamond!

He  
swallowed  
it!

You'd be  
surprised  
how much  
people  
can  
swallow!

Yeah! Like the public  
swallowing  
the plot  
of this  
dumb movie!

What did he do  
with it?

I can't  
believe it!



How's Allen  
going to  
get the  
diamond?

Buzz,  
buzz,  
buzz!

Yecch! Don't  
expect ME  
to touch it!!

So you'll have to figure  
some way of getting him  
out of prison . . . or you  
don't get the diamond!



I don't understand something!  
If we can break into a museum,  
steal a priceless diamond and  
escape with all those cops  
around, how come we can't do  
a simple thing like smuggling  
a diamond out of a prison?

Because  
we're not  
doing  
this  
for the  
diamond!

Then what  
are we  
breaking  
into this  
prison  
FOR?

For dramatic irony! To show,  
in symbolic terms, just how  
upside down this crazy world  
really is ... where bad guys  
are good guys, and wrong is—

Pretend I didn't ask!



No one could possibly escape from  
this maximum security prison ...  
unless he crouched!



You WHAT?!!  
You hid the  
diamond in the  
Police Station?

You mean ...  
we'll have to  
break into  
THERE now?!

Yeah! See, it's  
dramatic irony to  
show in symbolic  
terms how upside—

It doesn't  
sound any  
better when  
you say it!

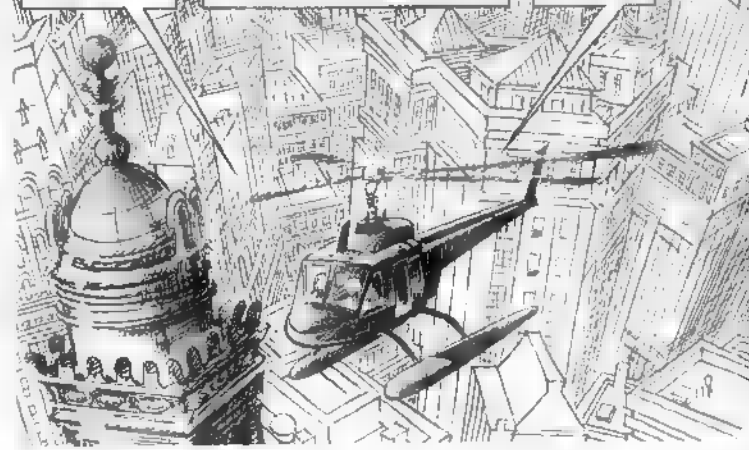


Ambassador  
Amuzing is  
pretty good!  
He managed  
to get us  
this chopper!

It's really amazing! This  
Ambassador Amuzing is so  
smart! He gets us cars,  
trucks, helicopters ...

That he'd  
hire four  
dummies  
like US  
to do  
his job!

So ... what's so amazing?...



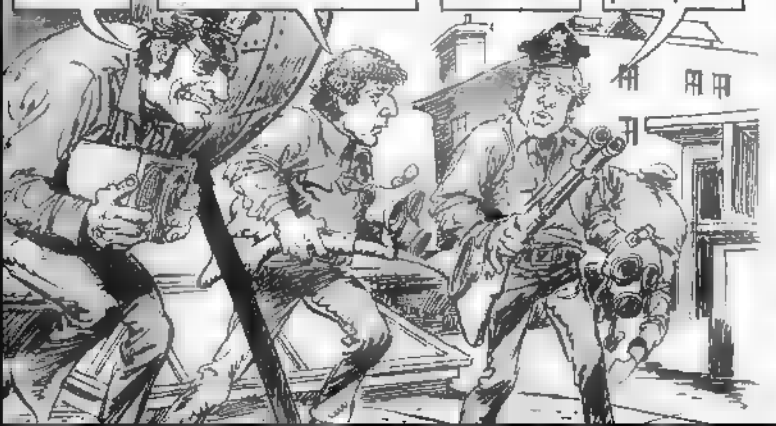
Okay! I'll  
jam their  
radio, and  
then I'll  
cut their  
telephone  
wires!

But supposing there's  
an emergency ... like  
someone getting shot,  
or a robbery, or a  
woman having a baby!  
They won't be able  
to call the police!

Well, they'll  
just have to  
understand  
that it's  
all in  
good fun!

Supposing  
they don't?

Are you  
going to  
worry about  
poor sports?



Holy  
Cow!  
We're  
under  
attack!

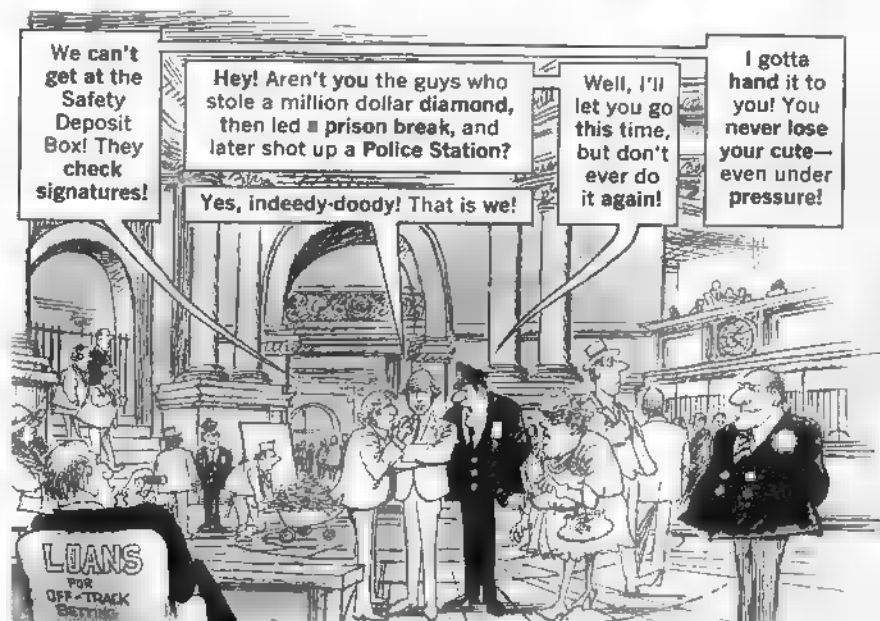
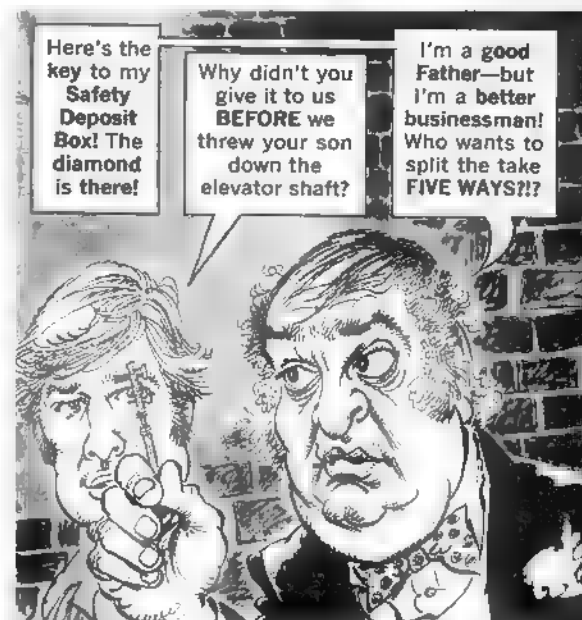
Is it The  
Jewish  
Defense  
League?

or The  
Black  
Panthers?

Neither! It's just a  
gang of cute crooks!

Oh!  
Well,  
that's  
okay,  
then!

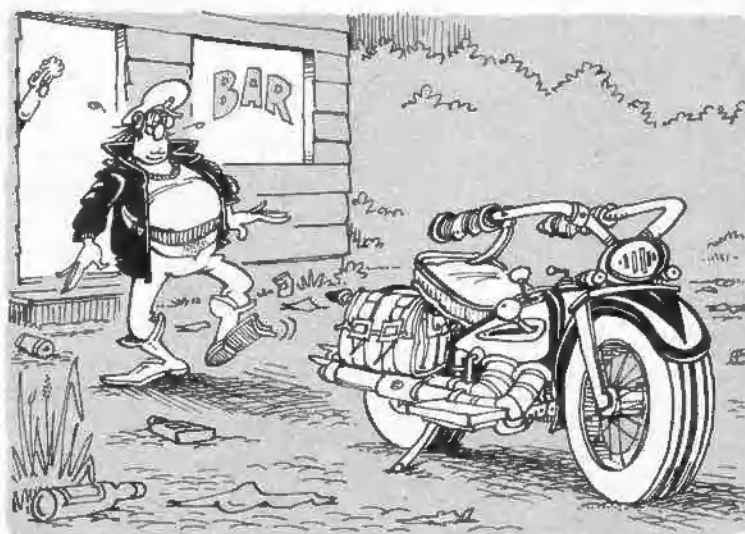
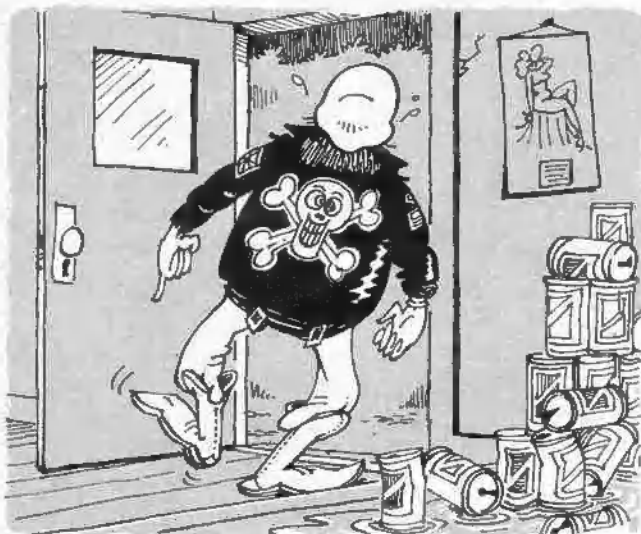








# ONE NIGHT IN A BAR ALONG THE HIGHWAY





**WHAT CAN WE  
EXPECT FROM  
ALL OF THE  
CANDIDATES  
IN THE 1972  
POLITICAL  
SWIM?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A**

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

**B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



*Jaffee*

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

**THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE IN THE STRANGE GAME  
OF POLITICS IS A CAMPAIGNER WITH A BOLD  
STYLE OF SPEAKING—FORMAL, OR OFF-THE-CUFF**

**A**

**B**



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